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The Literary Week.

WE have now entered upon the quiet season of the literary year. Few books have been published during the week, and of those few hardly any are of importance. Even the flow of novels has been checked, which is a sure indication that publishers are saving themselves up for the autumn. When the forward movement comes again we are likely to have some interesting and important books which from various causes have been held over for some time. The autumn season promises to be rich in biographies.

At a meeting of the Boston Authors' Club Mr. Nathan Haskell Dole read a paper which had for title "What is the rank of Journalism in comparison with other literary work?" Mr. Dole came to the conclusion that journalism is literature,—which it may or may not be, as we all know. But certain things which Mr. Dole said by the way were more striking than his conclusion. He said, for instance, that "the less a writer knows about other writers the better," and that Shakespeare and Chaucer based their originality on "imitation of other writers,"—two very conflicting statements. But Mr. Dole eclipsed himself in the following passage: "When one realised the moral influence of the King James version of the Scriptures, it is little less than wonderful that the formal and archaic grammar, constructions, and idiom of the English Bible did not make a more deleterious impression on our literature. This is not a criticism of morals, but an estimate of style: the omission of the Bible from schools has been fortunate." Any student of literature surely knows that the influence of the Bible on style has been entirely good. We wonder where Mr. Dole supposes the "deleterious impression" to have come in?

THE world is gradually coming to admit that the author has rights in the product of his own brain, irrespective of the place in which his book is published, and with the

increasing internationalism of letters the question of international copyright becomes of more and more importance. The past month has seen a notable extension of this recognition of an author's rights, and henceforth British authors and artists will enjoy a protection in Denmark which has hitherto been denied them. Denmark is one of the "little nations," but it contains a large proportion of readers, and there are many English writers whose works have been translated into Danish and obtained great popularity in book form or as *feuilletons*. No one has done more to familiarise Danish readers with English writers than Dr. George Brandes. Norway joined the international copyright convention some years ago; and now that Denmark has given in her adherence we hear that a "Bureau Scandinave de Littérature et d'Art" has been founded, with headquarters at Copenhagen, with the object of promoting the interests and protecting the rights of British authors in Scandinavia. It is scarcely likely that English writers will gain any large access of income from Danish translations, for the fees for translating rights are never very high; but the increasing recognition of the principle is encouraging.

In the current number of "T. P.'s Weekly" appears a vindication of Henley in his relations with Stevenson, written by one who evidently knew both men. "Each had a full knowledge of the other's failings, and they never hesitated to criticise one another." A temporary coolness arose when Stevenson was in America. "It arose out of a story which was written by a common friend, and in regard to which Henley considered that Stevenson had behaved with weakness. He wrote angrily, as was his custom, and received a cool reply." Had Stevenson lived but a little longer the two would have met in Egypt, a meeting which both anticipated with eagerness. Henley never bore his friend any grudge. But "he objected to the plaster saint which the discretion and piety of other friends would have erected as the simulacrum of his Louis." That seems a reasonable explanation of what many thought was this friend's indiscretion.

In the August issue of "Harper's" Prof. Brander Matthews has an article on "Foreign Words in English Speech." Prof. Matthews approves of the hospitality of our tongue towards useful aliens, but he insists that, once accepted, they should no longer be treated as aliens. The growth of language, both by way of scientific and technical nomenclature and by accretions from without, is inevitable, but literature should be extremely cautious of casual or base inclusions. The spread of English is suggestively summarised by Prof. Matthews. At the beginning of the nineteenth century it was spoken as a native tongue by twenty millions of men and women; at the end of the century it was spoken by close on a hundred and thirty millions. Before the year 2000 it is probable that the number will be well over three hundred millions, and that English will be recognised as the world-language. Prof. Matthews, looking forward to the future indicated by these figures, pleads for simplification—that is really his first and last word. He says—

Luckily there are not wanting signs that the mass of those who have to use the language are waking up to the waste and inconvenience and awkwardness and stupidity of our chaotic orthography, and that a concerted effort is likely soon to help along that slow simplification of our spelling which has been going on ever since the language was first written. The advance will be halting and casual, as it always has been; but it will be steady. It will have to be so gradual as not to startle or to antagonise the conservative mass of those who speak English—and the stock that uses our language is very conservative indeed.

There is much in the plea, but yet not so much as appears on the face of it.

The change, says Prof. Matthews, will have to be so gradual as not to startle the conservative mass; but is the mass of those who speak English conservative? We doubt it. Literature is unquestionably and very rightfully conservative of its medium, and only through literature could change be effected. We should regard with very uneasy feelings any attempt to systematize orthography; the genius of a language may find expression even in its inconsistencies, and it is easy to destroy the fragrance of words by unnecessary simplifications. But we agree with Prof. Matthews that once we accept the alien word it should become free of the family. The position of such words is now painful and anomalous; it is not good for our tongue to employ foreign words "governed by the rules of a foreign grammar, and rebellious to those of our own." Prof. Matthews writes:—

Is *cherub* an English word? If so, its plural is *cherube*, and not the Hebrew *cherubim*. Is *lexicon* an English word, and *criterion* also? If so, their plurals are *lexicons* and *criteria*, not the Greek *lexica* and *criteria*. Is *appendix* an English word, and *index* and *vortex*? If so, the plurals are *appendices* and *indices* and *vortexes*, and not the Greek *appendices*, *indices*, and *vortexes*. Is *memorandum* an English word, and *curriculum*, *gymnasium*, *medium*, and *sanatorium*? If so, their plurals are *memorandums*, and *curriculums*, *gymnasiums*, *mediums*, and *sanatoriums*, and not the Latin *memoranda*, *curricula*, *gymnasia*, *media*, and *sanatoria*. Is *formula* an English word, and *nebula* also. If so, the plural is *formulas* and *nebulas*, not the Latin *formulae* and *nebulæ*. . . . Why not speak English?

In many of these instances, however, the nationalisation has already been made absolute, and most writers would use the normal English plural.

One by one the novelists of the old school are dropping away from us. Mr. B. L. Farjeon, who died last week, was a disciple of Dickens; but Dickens, the master, remains new, while his literary disciples have a curious air of age: they seem, in a way, to pre-date their great

forerunner. Mr. Farjeon saw much of life—as gold-digger, as reporter, as editor—but his experience did not seem to add much depth to his work. Perhaps tradition was too much for him, as a deliberately assumed tradition usually is. He did some sound work, but his first story, "Grif," was probably his best.

An interviewer has been tackling Mr. W. W. Jacobs on the subject of his plots. It seems that Mr. Jacobs invents them all; only in one instance did he get even part of a story from the lips of a seaman. But Mr. Jacobs knows the life he depicts, having, in his youth, haunted wharves and made the acquaintance of sailors and skippers. One sailor of Mr. Jacobs' boyish acquaintance was a great yarn spinner:—

He had served, or at least he said he had, on every boat you could name, from a pilot to a man-o'-war. As to spinning yarns, there was no end to them. There was nothing he had not accomplished or any fight he had not taken part in. I remember once asking him if he ever fought pirates, when he instantly declared how he had been chased several years ago by a pirate in the China Seas, and saved his ship by slashing off the chief pirate's arm just as he was about to grab the rail of the vessel. If I could get hold of that watchman to-day I fancy I could make a fortune out of him.

A WRITER in the New York "Forum," commenting on the recent Emerson centenary, writes pertinently as follows:—

But does the chorus which now acclaims the memory of Emerson mean that American society to-day regards his teaching as amounting to more than a "pious opinion," laudable in the abstract, but by no means to be allowed any application in practice? Are we willing even to give a hearing to those who attempt to translate Emerson's message into twentieth-century language and to drive it right home into the heart of present conditions? These very questions suggest that this celebration, too, may be in the main antiquarian; that what we are eulogizing most vociferously may be the dead part of him, not that which is alive and immortal. A glance at the list of Emerson's professed admirers confirms the apprehension that the depth of his influence may not actually be at all in proportion to its width, as when we find that a man may proclaim him to be his own favourite author, may keep a volume of his essays always on his study table, and yet be—Pobednostzef!

MR. SIDNEY LEE has republished, with various extensions, his contribution to the Stratford-on-Avon Library discussion. In his preface Mr. Lee says: "It is with regret that I find myself in conflict with Miss Corelli. However mistaken I may deem most of her action in the present matter, I have no reason to disbelieve in her devotion to Stratford and to Shakespeare's memory." The pamphlet is rather curiously dedicated "To my Friends in America."

MR. LEE'S pamphlet, however, is not to be allowed to go without challenge, for Messrs. Methuen have just issued a booklet by Miss Corelli, called "The Plain Truth of the Intended Vandalism at Stratford-on-Avon." Miss Corelli avowedly deals only with dates and facts.

MR. ANDREW LANG, in his always delightful "Longman's" causerie, writes as follows:—

A volume of Poe's letters has been published, I hear, in America. He is said to present the character of a needy, unscrupulous, double-faced drunkard. In that case why, in the name of decency, are the letters published? It seems that I once, long ago, gave great offence by speaking of Poe

as "a gentleman among *canaille*," that is, among "the bronzed and mother-naked gentlemen of the Press," in Scott's phrase. But I never denied that Poe, being in deep poverty, sank into drink with its attendant vices. The curious thing is that so many American writers should insist so often and so long, on Poe's moral misfortunes. He *did* write, "As a literary people we are one vast perambulating humbug."

And perhaps they—and we—are so still.

MR. HALL CAINE has a new preface to the latest issue of his novel, "The Bondman." The story is set in Iceland, which, as Mr. Caine says, "is still a far country." But we see no reason why even farther countries treated as a background for fiction should require this kind of gloss:—

To put oneself in a position of sympathy with incidents so rugged as are here described may perhaps require some effort of the mind in an age of various intellectual movements and complex social life; and therefore I am conscious that to win from its new public a reception as warm as was given to this story on its first publication the readers must bring to it at least as much as they take away.

We do not see why an age of "various intellectual movements" should have any such difficulty: on the contrary, the wider the intellectual movements of any age the more susceptible it is to every kind of appeal. Perhaps Mr. Caine should have called his preface an apology.

In an article on Mr. F. Anstey in the "English Illustrated Magazine," Mr. E. V. Lucas admirably sums up his author as follows:—

If but one sentence were to be inscribed beneath his name it might run something like this: "The best novelist of the tight place." Here and there, of course, Mr. Anstey has left his special kingdom, on brief and interesting excursions; but judged broadly and by his most characteristic work we may apply the phrase without hesitation: "The best novelist of the tight place." In almost all his work we observe the fascination which the spectacle of a good man struggling with adversity—in other words, a middle-class Englishman in a hole—has for his amused eyes.

That is Mr. Anstey in a nutshell.

MR. EDMUND GOSSE, writing in the "Daily Chronicle" concerning M. Marcel Schwob's "La Lampe de Psyché," says:—

To read this mysterious volume is like opening a marble tomb in some quiet place, and finding in it nothing but tiny vases of perfume and tear-bottles of tarnished gold, huddled together on a mat of grey ashes. The dominant note of these "Mimes," as of all that M. Marcel Schwob has written, is a poignant regret of the joys of life, combined with a vehement determination to recall them for a moment by an effort of historic memory. He is not engaged with general ideas, but concentrates his attention on the individual and the unique, and this is why the mime so exactly suits his desultory and discontinuous habit of mind.

It was a happy fortune which made M. Schwob a Frenchman. In England his delicate art would probably have gone unrecognised.

A WRITER in the "Pilot" has a pleasantly sardonic article on "'Exquisite' London"—the London of certain novelists. He does not believe in this exquisiteness, either in men or women. The ordinary decent person does not exist in the exquisite world: "the only kindly people, the only natural people, are a few Duchesses and Vicountesses." The article concludes:—

If I believed exquisite London to have any existence in reality, I should hesitate, having the law of libel before my eyes, to write about it so explicitly. But having been for half

a century in and out of most quarters of the capital, without getting inside a real house where quite exquisite people lived, I have come to doubt the existence of this fairyland, and I should be glad if I could persuade my country cousins who read the society papers to share my incredulity.

A WRITER in the "Literary Collector" recently discussed certain American men and women of letters whose names have gone the way of so many names. We need not recall these forgotten ones, but it is worth while to quote a couple of sentences from the article:—

Their literary work was in all the magazines. A few of them wrote books handsomely put forth, and occasionally illustrated, and their perennial remembrance could not then have been a matter of doubt.

Was there ever a time when "perennial remembrance" was not a matter of doubt? The mills of time do not always grind even slowly.

LAST Saturday a memorial bust of Robert Buchanan was unveiled in St. John's churchyard, Southend-on-Sea, where Buchanan and his wife and mother were buried. After the unveiling, Mr. T. P. O'Connor gave an address in the schoolroom, in the course of which he said that Buchanan, like his father, never learned the art of compound addition. Mr. O'Connor added that the number of copies, which sold, of a book, should not be taken as the "eternal verdict of literature on the quality of the writer." We suppose that it must still be necessary to state the obvious.

WE have received from San Francisco a poem of incredible length by Mr. Joaquin Miller, called "As it was in the Beginning." We have not yet had time to taste the quality of Mr. Miller's latest verse, but his "Prefatory Postscript" is quaint. Mr. Miller says:—

I venture this new book with confidence, not only because it is right, proper, clean, courageous, but now seems opportune. "Let the galled jade wince!" I give no quarter and ask none, except pardon for errors incident to great haste. I cry aloud from my mountain top, as a seer, and say: The cherry blossom bird of Nippon must be more with us, else another century and prolific Canada, like another Germany from the north, may descend upon us and take back train loads of tribute. We are coming to be too entirely Frenchish.

Mr. Miller is certainly very earnest.

MR. D. S. MACCOLL, in the "Saturday Review," concludes a grave and balanced article on Mr. Whistler with an appeal to the trustees of the Chantrey Bequest. No London collections have an example of Mr. Whistler's work; Glasgow, more wise, is in advance of our richer city. Mr. MacColl concludes:—

A fund exists, left by a public-spirited artist, with the express intention that the finest works of painting and sculpture executed in Great Britain should be secured, if possible, for the nation. The whole conduct of that fund has been challenged, not here alone, without reply. I can hardly think that any of the trustees, if they broke silence, would venture to deny that the rare genius of Whistler claimed a place in the galleries of the country where he worked, and therefore a share in the fund they have to administer. Will they do their duty? We must know definitely; for somehow, whoever is a defaulter, the debt must be paid.

WE have received from the Fine Art Society a hitherto unpublished lithographic portrait of Mr. Whistler by Mr. T. R. Way. It was drawn some time ago, and therefore does not quite represent the later Whistler. The portrait certainly has character and life.

MR. ZANGWILL is one of the few novelists who seem to take an active interest in matters outside their art. Yet Mr. Zangwill's interest in Zionism is, perhaps, not outside his art. Apropos of the Sixth Zionist Conference which meets this month at Basle, he has an excellent article in the current issue of the "World's Work," which concludes thus:—

Apart from its political working, Zionism forces upon the Jew a question the Jew hates to face.

Without a rallying centre, geographical or spiritual; without a Synhedrion; without any principle of unity or of political action; without any common standpoint about the old Book; without the old cement of dietary laws and traditional ceremonies; without even ghetto-walls built by his friend, the enemy; it is impossible for Israel to persist further, except by a miracle—of stupidity.

It is a wretched thing for a people to be saved only by its persecutors or its fools. As a religion, Judaism has still magnificent possibilities, but the time has come when it must be de-nationalised or re-nationalised.

In that both the novelist and the man of commonsense speak.

CERTAIN letters written by the late Lord Acton to Miss Mary Gladstone—now Mrs. Drew—are to be issued in about six months' time by Mr. George Allen. The correspondence began in the seventies, and ranges over literature, history, and politics. Lord Acton took no active part in politics, but he knew men, and he knew the tendencies of his time. It will be remembered that Ruskin's letters to Mrs. Drew have lately been printed privately.

Bibliographical.

THE "Memoirs of Grimaldi," which Messrs. Routledge have added to their series of "Half-Forgotten Books," has rather an interesting history. Written by the famous clown shortly before his death, it was revised in manuscript by T. Egerton Wilks, the playwright. Meanwhile, Grimaldi died, and the "Memoirs" were purchased and published by Messrs. Bentley in February, 1838, in two volumes, and under the editorship of Dickens, then already famous as the author of "The Pickwick Papers." The book, which contained a portrait of Grimaldi and twelve engravings by Cruikshank, sold well at first, but the demand for it apparently soon ceased, and the "remainder" of the edition (about half of it) was bought by Mr. T. Tegg, who re-issued it in a new binding. Then came, in 1846, a one-volume edition, annotated by Charles Whitehead, of "Cavalier" fame (on the basis, he admits, of matter supplied to him). There was also a second portrait of Grimaldi and a new preface by Whitehead. Further editions, issued by Messrs. Routledge, appeared in 1853, 1856, and 1884 (in which year one was also sent out by Mr. Dicks).

The "Memoirs" have never, I believe, been included in any edition of Dickens's Works; and I think I am correct in saying that, in Messrs. Marzials and Merivale's biography of Dickens, the book is not even mentioned. It has been said that "Boz" did no more than write the Introduction to it, but in that very Introduction he claims to have done a good deal with the material submitted to him. He says of himself: "Being struck by several incidents in the manuscripts . . . and thinking that they might be related in a more attractive manner . . . he accepted a proposal from the publisher to edit the book, and has edited it to the best of his ability, altering its form throughout, and making such other alterations as he conceived would improve the narration of the facts, without any departure from the facts themselves." He adds that he had "materially abridged" the manuscript.

It is a good many years since Mr. Matthew Arnold published his stanzas entitled "Growing Old." They begin, it will be remembered, this way:—

What is it to grow old?
Is it to lose the glory of the form,
The lustre of the eye?
Is it for beauty to forego her wreath?—
Yes, but not this alone.

Now comes Sir Lewis Morris, in the August "Pall Mall," with lines headed "De Senectute," and opening thus:—

What is it to grow old?
Is it the bleaching hair,
Dim eyes, slow limbs and cold
Where once quick pulses were?
Numbed, waning energies,
Low springs of life which freeze?
These ill age brings indeed, but there are more than these.

Young students of poetry might do worse than compare these two compositions, which, though starting from the same point, in the same words, differ very much, I need not say, in development and effect.

Macaulay's "Critical and Miscellaneous Essays," of which Mr. F. C. Montague is to give us a scholarly edition, appear to have been first issued in a collected form by a firm in Philadelphia in 1841-1844. There was also an American edition (New York) in 1857. The first English collection seems to be that which was put forth by the Longmans in 1843, and of which there were reprints in 1850, 1853, 1854, 1872, 1874 (in one volume), &c. In 1887 the Routledges brought out an edition, and in 1891, I fancy, there was one in the "Minerva Library." The latest reproduction of the "Essays" was, of course, that in five volumes which Mr. A. J. Grieve edited for the "Temple Classics." Mr. F. C. Montague, by the way, is already well known as the author of "The Limits of Individual Liberty" (1885), a Life of Sir Robert Peel (1888), a biographical sketch of Arnold Toynbee (1889), and "The Elements of English Constitutional History" (1894).

Those who are interested in the eldest daughter of Horace Smith—long known in Brighton as Miss Horace Smith—will find a few particulars about her in the book by Mr. Beavan on "James and Horace Smith" (Hurst and Blackett, 1899). The deceased lady was christened, it appears, Eliza, but was addressed in the domestic circle as "Tizey." Mr. Beavan speaks of her as being "a truly grand old lady in mental powers and intelligence, whose memory is prodigious, and whose conversation, though increasing infirmities forbid its continuance for long at a time, still flashes with wit and humour like that of her father." She has been described as the only child of Horace Smith by his first marriage; but according to Mr. Beavan, there was another, handicapped by the so-called "Christian" names of "Horatio Shakespeare." This poor child, one may note, "died when a schoolboy."

The late Mr. Benjamin Leopold Farjeon had been before the reading public for thirty-three years, and his latest novel has just finished running through the columns of the "People." His first, if I mistake not, was "Grif" (1870), by which, perhaps, he will always be best remembered. Some of his early tales were unquestionably popular—one remembers, especially, the vogue of "Joshua Marvel" (1871), "London's Heart" (1873), "Love's Victory" (1875), "The Duchess of Rosemary Lane" (1876), and "The Sign of the Silver Flagon" (1876). Scarcely less popular were "Great Porter Square" (1885) and "Devlin the Barber" (1888), while one of the latest of his successes was "Blade o' Grass" (1899). "Bread and Cheese and Kisses," brought out in 1874, was reprinted in 1901, in which year, also, "Devlin the Barber" was reissued.

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews.

Specialised History.

THE CAMBRIDGE MODERN HISTORY. VOL. III., THE UNITED STATES. Planned by Lord Acton, Edited by A. W. Ward, G. W. Prothero, and Stanley Leathes. (Cambridge University Press.)

THIS latest volume of the great undertaking planned by the late Lord Acton, and continued by his successors with Prof. Ward at their head, unlike the previous volume embraces the entire history of the States under European occupation, including the history of Canada until that colony passed under the British Crown. This is contrary to the plan of the series, according to which the history of each nation was to be related only from the time of its contact with the "stream of progress" represented by the nations of Europe; but in the case of what we somewhat arrogantly call "America" there are obvious reasons for departing from the rule. Europe, in fact, went to America, instead of America coming in contact with it; and its history is part of European progress from the moment of its discovery. That is a reason briefer than is set down by the editors. It is a monument to the industry, precision, and organising power of Lord Acton, that the plan of this volume (the division into chapters, and the chapter-headings which indicate the scope and general contents of each) no less than of the previous volumes belongs to him. He had mapped out the whole twelve volumes in this way before his death—an astonishing feat, if clearly understood. But only five of the thirteen authors, in the present case, were appointed by him. Two or three chapters have been added to his scheme, while in the arrangement of the volume and the distribution of its chapters the alteration, as compared with earlier volumes, has (the editors say) naturally been large.

These are minor and technical matters. The great matter, the point which really signifies, is something very different. Here is a history conceived on a new and unattempted plan (new and unattempted, at least, on such a scale), modern of the modern—the latest thing in historical progress, whereby modern history was to be justified of her children. Specialisation being the present law in history as in all things, and a modern Gibbon, who should hold all history in his hand, impossible as a modern encyclopædist of science; the co-operative principle was to be applied, and the field of history occupied by an army, with a general and a staff. The principle has been used successfully in other things; it has brought forth the Biographical Dictionary, is bringing forth Dr. Murray's great English Dictionary, has produced in France excellent literary history. That last might seem a hopeful precedent. Why not also excellent historical history? Why not? Lord Acton would try.

It is tried. And to our mind it is found wanting. Because our historians of to-day are not *littérateurs*. The French collaborators in literary history were men of letters; our collaborators in historical history too surely are not. History is a science, and has increasingly tended to develop its scientific aspect. But history is also an art, and no history can live, can go down to posterity as history, which has not some portion, some salt of literary art. Yet our historians, with all too rare exceptions, in their specialised pursuit of truth, have utterly neglected the art of presenting it. This volume is the proof of that neglect. If this neglect really resulted in scientific truth, one might reluctantly condone the loss for the sake of the gain. But it does not. It is still unsafe to accept an historian's facts without examination of his sources. Above all, if the facts be mainly accurate, falsehood, the personal bias, will yet lurk in the presentation of them.

The personal equation will not be thrust out. The expression of it is exceedingly unattractive, that is all. It might be argued this was a gain for truth; were not the historian's setting-forth of unbiassed righteousness just as repellent. The thing remains, at the best, a kind of historic encyclopædia, whence some day history may be quarried.

All this, or nearly all this, applies to the present volume. Polybius is valued as a careful and fair recorder rather than a great historian. But Polybius is an artist equal to Thucydides beside the volume we are reviewing. An infinity of study and pains and sifting may have gone to the work of all the thirteen contributors. It is none of our contention to dispute it. Each may have been the most knowledgeable man that could have been chosen for his subject. But in its total result and impression the book is a series of stodgy—oh, so stodgy!—articles from a very clayey review. An indispensable quarry, perhaps, for the historian in spectacles, but—this the apex-bud of modern historical development? Can these dry bones live beside Freeman, and Green, and such unscientific amateurs as Carlyle and Froude and Macaulay? Even such an early forerunner of the modern scientific school as Lingard is a blossomy garden of romance compared to this mechanic dissection of history. Nor as we have suggested, can the most resolved scientific method eliminate the personal equation. The history of the American civil war, for instance, betrays the Northern hand throughout. You are invited to take it that the North, after a series of victories before Richmond, was rolled up in disaster solely because McClellan failed to see that he had completely beaten the South instead of the South beating him: and that Lee only won two victories in his life—one by accident, and the other which he should not have been allowed to win. Which has this truth: that no great general could ever be successful against forces even equal, unless the other general made mistakes. But the whole war is narrated as a Northerner might do, surveying it through a miraculously good intelligence service from Washington. Apart from the peculiar perspective, however, we have no charge to bring against it; save, indeed (an important "save") that its careful ostentation of arrangement leaves the operations obscure to anyone who did not know them beforehand.

As a plodding, though totally inartistic, bringing together of information, however, we should be the last to question the value of the book. And what laborious plan could do to make an organic whole has been done. One thing which forcibly strikes one in reading it is that not only the revolt from England, but the war between North and South, was latent in the seeds of things from the beginning. The States were born in the spirit of Puritanic revolt. To escape regalism and episcopacy the Pilgrim Fathers took ship in the "Mayflower" for Plymouth. But these mild fliers from before the face of the "Man of Blood," though the most famous, were not they that mattered most in laying the walls of the New England. The corner-stone was Massachusetts. And the founders of Massachusetts represented the militant, aggressive spirit of that sterner Puritanism which was to shake Charles I. from his throne, and his head from his shoulders. These men of Dorchester deliberately conceived the sowing of a Puritan State over seas, whence, with unchecked growth, the new spirit might wax strong to war back on the old spirit it was leaving behind on the English shores, and assist its own upholders there. From the outset this colony flourished exceedingly, and by subdivision spread itself into further settlements along the Atlantic sea-board. From the outset it took a bold and dominant attitude among the other colonies: the gentler brethren of Plymouth were subordinated by its ascendancy. From the outset it was filled with the true, and innermost spirit of Puritanism: its aggression, its fanaticism, its independence of kings and all government

but its own, its Mohammedan intolerance of all religion but its own. Spiritual freedom it claimed for itself, denied to others. Some of its members differed from Puritan orthodoxy: they were cast out. Quakers came, and it persecuted them.

In 1656 two Quaker women landed at Boston. They were at once arrested and carefully isolated; their books were burnt; they were themselves charged with witchcraft and in consequence brutally handled, and after five weeks' imprisonment were sent off to Barbados. Luckily for them, Endicott the governor was absent, and they escaped scourging, an omission which he regretted on his return. Scarcely were they gone when eight more of the sect appeared, and were dealt with in like fashion. The matter was brought before the federal commissioners, who recommended that each colony should take steps to exclude the Quakers. . . . In none except Massachusetts did they meet with greater severity than would have been shown to clamorous heretics at that day in almost every country of the civilised world. Even Massachusetts was not unanimous. An act imposing the penalty of death in cases of extreme obstinacy was only carried after a hard struggle. . . . Under this act three Quakers, two men and a woman, were hanged. Certain of the Boston clergy took a leading part in demanding the stringent enforcement of severe measures, and in defending the policy of intolerance.

Puritanism colonised what became the basis of the Northern States: and such was the dominant spirit of that Puritanism. Aboriginally it held itself as independent of the home Government as its weak and embryonic position would admit. Already, with the accession of James II. in England, had come a conflict with his colonial governor, Sir Edmund Andros, which forboded the greater fight to be. America was sprung from the loins of those who made the Great Rebellion in England; was designed by the founders of Massachusetts, its heart and brain, to be the incarnation and perpetuation of that spirit which overthrew the first Stuart: and it was only a question when it should reach the power and opportunity to translate its baptismal spirit into political action. When the earthquake of American independence, passing underneath the sea, heaved upward in the French Revolution, America went French with sympathy: trees of liberty, red caps, arose and blossomed everywhere; King, Queen, Prince, disappeared from street names; and "citizen" replaced "Sir" or "Mr." But while what became the North was Puritan born and bred, Virginia—the typical Southern State—was of earlier origin, from gentle or merchant stock. And one way or other there was a native cleavage between South and North from the beginning. It was the strife of Cavalier and Roundhead in obscurer form which was left for ultimate decision, though not a slave had known lash in the South. Its course and issue were curiously similar in general lines. An authoritative history of our great brethren we may welcome as a thing lacking, while we regret that it could not have been the work of art it is not, besides the work of information it is.

Old English Comedy.

REPRESENTATIVE ENGLISH COMEDIES. WITH INTRODUCTORY ESSAYS AND NOTES, AN HISTORICAL VIEW OF OUR EARLIER COMEDY, AND OTHER MONOGRAPHS BY VARIOUS WRITERS. Under the General Editorship of Charles Mills Gayley. (Macmillan. 6s. net.)

THIS is the first volume of a series promising to be especially valuable, which aims to exhibit the evolution of English comedy, by publishing representative specimens of its chief stages, connected by monographs of the successive developments of which each play is a type. We are glad to know that, when the scheme is fulfilled, it is hoped to add a volume of yet earlier attempts in comedy; and (still more) to "publish in their proper proportions the materials which have been condensed into the

'Historical View' here submitted"—a view of comedy in its beginnings which paves the way for the later, though early period represented in the opening of this volume. The volume itself ranges from Thomas Heywood (not the better-known Elizabethan Heywood) to the advent of Shakespeare. Besides the "view" already mentioned, there are only two independent monographs; one on "Green's Place in Comedy," by Mr. G. E. Woodberry of Columbia University, the other on "Shakespeare as a Comic Dramatist," by Prof. Dowden. The others take the form of critical essays on the several dramatists represented; but they are so wide in their scope as to cover the general dramatic development which each dramatist typifies, and so form a kind of history. All except two (and Prof. Dowden's monograph) are by American writers. They are excellent from a scholarly and good from a critical standpoint. From a literary standpoint they are mostly good; though one writer shows somewhat too much of the vice we have learned to associate with Transatlantic Professors—the endeavour to make obviousness or commonplace imposing by needlessly involved and abstract expression. Taken altogether, with its careful texts and appendices, the book is an excellent piece of work.

Besides the representative value of its historical scheme, it puts into the modern reader's hands plays which have been accessible only to students, such as Heywood's two plays; or, like Peel's play, in bulky and more expensive form. To get these eight plays for half-a-dozen shillings is itself a gain, without their admirable setting. It is a far cry from the rude and inchoate humour of Heywood, boisterous as the laughter of the North wind, to the ornate luxury of Green's verse, and his (by contrast) refined comedy. Heywood is for the scholar, his importance is historical; one can hardly read him for pleasure. Yet there is no sudden flowering of the drama; the gap is bridged for us in this book. Udall's "Roister Doister" takes a step further: its humour is as blunt and farcical as Heywood's, but there is definite dramatic structure, modelled on the Latin drama. Both have the merit that their types are English; though Udall hampers himself by adapting to the English stage conventional Latin characters. It is curious, by the way, to find in this uncouth verse ("Roister Doister" is unspeakably ragged of metre) and obsolete diction familiar phrases of our own domestic tongue, such as "tomboy" and "romping" (spelt "ramping," i.e. roving) applied to a girl. Or what may admirers of "The Honeysuckle and the Bee" think of these lines from one of the songs?—

Custance is as sweet as honey,
I her lamb and she my coney.

"Gammer Gurton's Needle" is roaring farce, of the kind only possible to your Teuton in the raw state. It goes right down to the soil, and that is the merit of it. There is no botching of classical plays; both substance and characters are dug out of the loam, its people have trudged from the hedgeside, its incidents have the reek of the alehouse. Here occurs the famous drinking-song: "Back and side go bare, go bare," which, together with the play, one has always credited to Bishop Still. But Mr. Bradley of Oxford now says and shows reason to suppose that the play is by one William Stevenson, and certainly was never by the Bishop (however natural the association of beer with a still); while the song should seem to be older than the play. Indeed, an older and amplified version of it is given from Dyce's "Skelton."

Then, with Lyly's "Alexander and Campaspe," one is among the great men, though not the greatest. There, in Diogenes, you have an anticipation of Shakespeare's Timon, on his comedy side. But it, and its two differently delightful lyrics, are tolerably known: let us pass to a comedy unknown, George Peele's "Old Wives' Tale." We do not think over highly of it as a whole; certainly we cannot see in it what Prof. Gummere of Haverford

College sees. But there is somewhat in it which attracts us. Peele was no doubt a pioneer in the drama. He helped to lay the road over which others passed. His blank verse is smooth, but monotonous and mostly pedestrian. Nor are we clear he did not learn, in this, from Marlowe, rather than precede him. In this play there is but one blank verse passage of the smallest merit (but, let it be said, its verse is incidental to its prose); and that passage owes what merit it has to a pale imitation of those sonorous geographic muster-rolls in which Marlowe anticipated Milton. In plot he has some gift, but is not eminent; in character-drawing he is feeble. In diction no doubt he was really a pioneer. But as a whole, we always feel that he was no dramatist by nature, and sacrificed to the stage a most original lyric gift. His lyrics are few, scattered with careless casualness through his plays; but when he reckons least, they are apt to come right with the happiest *naïveté*. There is about Peele's lyric gift a peculiar child-like simplicity, joined with sweetest grace, as of the Golden Age. Had he given himself, or been free to give himself, to its cultivation, he might have left behind him a very exquisite and individual body of lyric poetry. In this play is a most casual, heedless song, which Peele has not troubled to round off, so that it ends with a sense of incompleteness; yet the opening of it, to our mind, has the truest zest of country pleasure:—

Whenas the Rye reach to the chin,
And chopcherrie, chopcherrie ripe within,
Strawberries swimming in the creame,
And school-boys playing in the streame;
Then O, then O, then O my true love said,
Till that time come againe,
She could not live a maid.

Those first four lines relish in the mouth.

But one mere portion of a scene (it is not three pages) suggests another possible gift which Peele did not cultivate at all—the gift of realism. It is a little Dutch painting—a cottage interior; but homely and living, a link between Elizabethan England and the England of Thomas Hardy. For Peele was (probably) a Devon man, and it is a Devon cottage. The smith and his old wife Madge are the rustics:—

MADGE. Welcome, Clunch and good fellows all that come with my good man; for my good man's sake, come on, sit down; here is a piece of cheese and a pudding of my own making.

FROLICK. Gammer, thou and thy good man sit lovingly together. We come to chat and not to eat.

SMITH: Well, masters, if you will eat nothing, take away. Come, what do we to pass away the time? Lay a crab in the fire to roast for lamb's-wool. What, shall we have a game at trump or ruff to drive away the time, how say you?

ANTIC. This sport does well: but methinks, Gammer, a merry winter's tale would drive away the time trimly. Come, I am sure you are not without a score.

FROL. Look you, Gammer, of the Giant and the King's Daughter, and I know not what. I have seen the day when I was a little one, you might have drawn me a mile after you with such a discourse.

MADGE. Well, since you be so importunate, my good man shall fill the pot and get him to bed; they that ply their work must keep good hours. One of you go lie with him: he is a clean-skinned man, I tell you, without either spavin or wind-gall; so I am content to drive away the time with an old wives' winter's tale.

FANTASTIC. No better hay in Devonshire, a' my word, Gammer, I'll be one of your audience.

FROL. And I another, that's flat.

ANT. Then must I to bed with the good man. *Bona nox*, Gammer; good night, Frolic.

SMITH. Come on, my lad, thou shalt take thy unnatural rest with me. *[Exeunt Smith and Antic.]*

FROL. Yet this vantage shall we have of them in the morning, to be ready at the sight thereof *extempore*.

MADGE. Once upon a time there was a King or a Lord or a Duke that had a fair daughter, the fairest that ever was; as

white as snow, and as red as blood; and once upon a time his daughter was stolen away, and he sent all his men to seek out his daughter. . . . O Lord, I quite forgot, there was a Conjuror, and this Conjuror could do anything, and he turned himself into a great Dragon, and carried the King's Daughter away in his mouth to a Castle that he made of stone. . . . O, I forget; she (he I would say) turned a proper young man to a Bear in the night, and a man in the day, and keeps by a cross, . . . and he made his Lady run mad.

From Behind the Veil.

THE SOULS OF BLACK FOLK. Essays and Sketches. By W. E. Burghardt du Bois. (Chicago: McClurg.)

THIS "nigger question," as Carlyle called it, is very instant across the Atlantic; in Mr. Du Bois' words, the problem of the century is the problem of the colour-line. Nor is it by any means a purely Transatlantic matter. This is the age of inter-racial communication; Japan is already a material factor in naval calculations and in science: the Chinese, they say, are cleverer still, and soon one-fourth of humanity will awaken in that great Empire. The tribal or national stage was a necessary one in human evolution, but it was essentially a necessary evil. Religion, literature and, most notably, science are bringing the races of men together; and to say that the Anglo-Saxon or any other race is the race of the future is sheer myopia. The race of the future will not bear the name of any race now extant; rather does philosophic and prophetic anthropology see a new breed of men, as yet nameless, which shall combine the intellect and religious and literary genius of the Jew with Anglo-Saxon honesty and courage, Chinese thrift, negro melody, French wit and logic, German thoroughness and Italian beauty. But the hour is not yet.

If we realise that racial intermingling is to be the inevitable and enviable characteristic of the generations yet unborn, we shall turn to Carlyle's "Quashee," to the bloody bestiality of a modern lynching, or to such an eloquent and temperately passionate book as this, with some sense that the American drama of to-day typifies, in degree, the many difficulties and dangers which must attend the metamorphosis of a caterpillar into a butterfly, of a "probably arboreal"—as Stevenson calls him—into a "human," or of national into universal man. In the life of any individual, an acorn or a duchess, or in the corporate life of the human society, it is the transitional periods—of birth or efflorescence or adolescence—that are the seasons of *Sturm und Drang*. Through such a critical period America, with her seventy millions of white and ten millions of black, is now passing, for the black are multiplying, we believe, more rapidly than the white, as in the past: and two millions of mulattoes—mostly, of course, illegitimate, born of white fathers—add their significance to the total.

Mr. Du Bois is himself "bone of the bone, and flesh of the flesh of them that live within the Veil." Nevertheless, he possesses a command over the finer qualities of English which greatly enhances the poignancy and pathos, the yearning and the hope, of his terrible protest and indictment. Believing as we do, on the grounds of past record, of biological probability and of relative cranial capacity, that the negro is, at present, the white man's inferior in almost everything save the creation of melody, we are, despite this conviction, and the prejudice which it inevitably engenders, bound to sympathise with Mr. Du Bois after reading this book. We can hardly doubt that it will make converts. Not that our belief, as such, is shaken, but that the apparent deduction from it, the conclusion that "the nigger has got to go," and that the earth will be, as it is, the white man's, is now seen to be less than logically sound. It is not taking a large or scientific view to regard Mr. Coleridge-Taylor, Mr. Booker Washington, or Mr. Du Bois as "sports," significant of nothing save the

freakiness of the laws of heredity. Nor is there any basis for the view, implicitly held by the man in the American or the English street, that the negro race is the one thing in the whole universe not subject to the supreme cosmic law of evolution, of progress, of uprising, of promise and of hope. This race is as much bound to reach to higher things as the nebula to become a solar system, or the crawling reptile a bird. Nor is he so far behind in the race as we think, or as, fifty years ago, we thought woman was. Mighty is the influence of environment, and Mr. Du Bois adds no small share to our knowledge of that environment as gained over the matutinal cigarette. He has seen things which do indeed suggest "that God is really dead"; and he tells of them in words which quicken disgust and shame. Withal he has a temperance and a candour that compel our credence. He makes no preposterous claims. He is no party to that most ridiculous and most patently branded of all lies that "one man is as good as another." He does not even stake his claim upon an appeal to those great principles of mercy and of love, in which only the most optimistic amongst us can hope to find the solution of what is essentially a biological problem. Rather does he endeavour to state the case as it is, sometimes in simple prose, as in "Of the Training of Black Men," sometimes in words of eloquent sincerity as in "Of the Passing of the First-Born." We have marked many passages to quote, for their beauty; but we would do the book the justice to refrain. For its end is not such beauty, or indeed anything less than the beauty of holiness, to be attained for his and every race only through suffering.

Education—in its widest sense the nearest approach to a panacea for human ills—is Mr. Du Bois' remedy. Therein, of course, he is right, as in his discussion of it he is sound. But how slow is the coming of that sanative force. Forty-two years ago a great man, still living, gave to the world a tract on education, which he has lived to see reprinted in a sixpenny edition. Reading that little book to-day, can one say that the world yet knows, despite its influence, what education really means? Yet that knowledge, with healing in its wings for black and white, must come as surely as did cosmos from chaos, and light out of darkness, or as will the risen future from the rising present and the lowly past.

Wild Wales.

A BOOK OF NORTH WALES. By S. Baring-Gould.
(Methuen. 6s.)

THERE is no more industrious maker of books now living than Mr. Baring-Gould. His mind is a warehouse of miscellaneous knowledge, and his energy of production simply astonishing. But his latest work hardly does him justice, for though he has brought together a great quantity of useful matter connected with the history and antiquities of North Wales, he leaves his stones in a very formless heap. It is difficult, indeed, to see how he could have built a balanced structure out of such heterogeneous materials, and there are so many interesting things contained in these three hundred pages that we need not be hyper-critical.

"Without a knowledge of the history of a country in which one travels, more than half its interest is lost." Beginning with that excellent truism, and the warning that his book is "not intended as a Guide, but merely as an introduction to North Wales, for the use of intending visitors," the author proceeds to give a sketch, occupying only twenty pages, of the history of the principality down to the proclamation of the first Prince of Wales, the infant son of Edward I., in 1301. This sketch is useful for reference, but is altogether too meagre to have any other value. With Anglesey, then, for a commencement, Mr. Baring-Gould ranges over almost the whole of North

Wales, with a running commentary of ancient legend and modern anecdote. The "intending visitor," by the time he is half through the book, will be inclined to ask why he should go to a country teeming with legends nearly all of which are without historical foundation. Even the grave of Gelert is a fraud, and that fine tale of the noble hound, the only Welsh story which has ever caught the English imagination, is proved to be a folk-tale common to all the ancient languages of Asia and Europe. The worth of the story is not wounded, but why go to Beddgelert, when one might stay at home and read it in the original Sanskrit? The book is really a confusing one to any but a most attentive reader. He is carried at a breath from the eighteenth century to the eighth, from Taliessin to George Herbert, from Julius Agricola to Anne Griffiths. It should not be read, as its author suggests, before a visit to the country, but taken as supplementary to the guide-book, and what is told of each place referred to on the spot.

Many English visitors to North Wales carry away no very pleasant impression of the people among whom they have sojourned. Mr. Baring-Gould is concerned to defend the Welsh character, and much undoubtedly is to be said in its favour. The standard of culture among the working folk is higher than in England. Their intelligence is certainly developed by the necessity of learning two languages, but they have also a superior tradition of good taste in many matters. Listen to the conversation of the local tradesmen in the bar-room of a small Welsh hotel on Sunday night: you will find it to be of music, politics or theology, and the subject will be discussed with real knowledge and real appreciation. Such public amusements as they allow themselves (the drama is taboo) are much more refined than those in which the English villager delights. Yet it is admitted that in sexual morality they are no better than their Saxon neighbours; indeed, it is explained that "the Celtic idea of marriage was not that of the German, and woman in Celtic lands did not stand so high in dignity and in popular esteem as Tacitus shows us was the case among the Teutons." To some extent this difference still exists. A certain readiness in mendacity sometimes attributed to the Welsh is set down as resulting from centuries of oppression; yet through those centuries the whole history of the conflict between Saxon and Briton is one series of treacheries, fratricides and domestic outrages between the people whose struggle for freedom we are invited to applaud, yet who were never sufficiently in earnest to unite honestly against the common foe. There is not, so far as one can learn from Mr. Baring-Gould, in the legendary lore of Wales, any such high ideal of manhood and heroism as we find in the Norse Sagas. Even King Arthur suffers sadly in the Welsh versions of his history, and cuts a very sorry figure in the two anecdotes related of him here. That there exists a great quantity of native Welsh literature, both ancient and modern, which is highly prized by those who still speak the language, is well enough known. Mr. Baring-Gould, like George Borrow and many another writer, admires and quotes from this literature. Yet, while we have translations or adaptations of poems written in tongues and in times far more remote, which yet have become classics in our own language by virtue of an inherent quality of greatness independent of idiom and convention, has anything from all the poetry of Wales taken root in our soil?

For all its history of perpetual strife, for all the literature in which that history is (none too faithfully) preserved, the real charm of North Wales to an English visitor must lie in its mountains and lakes, and of these Mr. Baring-Gould has little to say. His book is the work of a student, and full credit must be given him for the industry and knowledge he displays; but it is carelessly written, even ungrammatical in places. A good index is indispensable to such a work, and the index here is incomplete. For

example, the legend of Tristram and Iseult is mentioned in the text: neither of their names, nor that of King Arthur, is indexed. The photographs which illustrate the book are good, though commonplace.

Sordello Considered.

SORDELLO AND CUNIZZA. By Eugene Benson. (Dent.)

ALL even partially interested in poetry have heard of Sordello; for all have heard of—and some read—the famous poem of Browning, while some also have read the yet more widely famous reference to Sordello in Dante's greatest poem. But withal he remains a cloudy figure more talked of than known. In Browning he is an ideal character, the vehicle of Browning's psychology and Browning himself, necromantically evoked from the ashes of a few fragmentary records, with abounding poetic license of invention and manipulated fact. Dante's Sordello incurs only less suspicion of being one among the many avatars of Dante in the "Divina Commedia." In the sweet valley of the ante-Purgatorio he advances to greet his brother-Mantuan poet, Virgil, and acts as temporary guide for the travellers; a guide full of stern and lofty patriotic comment. There and elsewhere Dante honours him as a scholarly and recluse public man, a figure in Italian politics, a writer in Latin and courtly Italian. But if there be some warrant for this in Sordello's closing years, such is not the Sordello chiefly seen across the turbulent background of earlier thirteenth century life and politics. To set forth what is actually known of him from the most recent study and research is the object of Mr. Eugene Benson's tiny book.

Of a truth there is little indeed known; and Mr. Benson follows the usual precedent in such cases. A book he is vowed to make, be it ever so small: therefore he ekes out his one pennyworth of bread with an intolerable deal of sack—judiciously fills in a scanty sprinkle of fact with a vastness of background and fancy. It becomes rather a toilsome process to pick out the facts from the setting in which they almost disappear. Yet the facts are carefully handled, and the accessories are sketched in with a picturesquely literary touch. But apart from the bare facts, Mr. Benson's picture of Sordello cannot be trusted. Its inferences and so forth are work of imagination, and a perfectly, unfailingly biassed imagination. He holds the modern naturalistic, or so-called "pagan" creed; and all his endeavours are consistently directed towards representing and exalting Sordello as the champion of that creed, towards setting up everything in mediæval life which he can fit in with that creed, and knocking down all which he cannot. The whole of mediævalism is viewed exclusively from this personal standpoint, giving us a picture of which our sole complaint is that nothing so one-sided can possibly be true. He proceeds on the assumption that Sordello must have been a fine fellow because Dante admired him; therefore what goes to exalt him is credible and admissible, what makes against him is incredible and to be rejected, unless facts are too stubborn. Accordingly a series of statements or deductions from facts by one of Sordello's best biographers are not even related to us—they are too derogatory. Yet he retains nothing without warrant, though his inferences (as we have said) are mostly work of fancy.

Sordello, in strict fact, appears as a splendid young Don Juan. Attached to the famous Ezzelino da Romano, at the instigation of that unscrupulous person and his brother he ran away with their sister Cunizza (herself a brilliant lady of many intrigues) from her husband. He soon quarrelled with Ezzelino, and fled for refuge to the Lords of Onigo. There he eloped with their sister, and left her. Having thus made North Italy too

hot to hold him, he fled to Count Raymond Berenger of Toulouse, at whose court he lived for years, sometimes wandering to other courts, brilliant in *bonnes fortunes* and poetry—a true Provençal troubadour. Later he went with Raymond's son-in-law, Charles of Anjou, on his Silician conquest; finally fell into disgrace with him, was imprisoned, released at the Pope's request, and lived the rest of his life with Guido Cavalcanti's father, where young Dante doubtless saw him. In his later years he became a serious writer of Latin works, averse to war and politics. But the best he has left us is his Provençal poetry, sometimes amatory, finer yet when satirical, as in the famous Lament for his friend Blacas. That is all we really know of the dashing, love-making poet and warrior, who in his sober days won the esteem of Dante, and who preluded after his fashion to the sun-burst of Italian song. For his Italian poems are lost to us. Think what you will of him, it must be in the end conjecture, a pleasant sport of the imagination.

Trees.

THE TREE BOOK. By Mary Rowles Jarvis. (Lane. 3s. net.)

WE can imagine no more delightful and inspiring subject than that suggested by the title of this volume; but although the subject may have been pleasant enough to the author, she has written it without a touch of inspiration. There are, we imagine, only two ways in which such a book could successfully be written—the scientific way or the appreciative way. As to the scientific way, Mrs. Jarvis has hardly a hint of it; and as to the appreciative way she has, in any real sense, still less. This is, in fact, a volume of short and jerky paragraphs, full of commonplaces and trivial reflections. Any lover of our English country, any one with any real knowledge of it, we might suppose, who had the smallest gift for words, might have done better. The author appears to have an equal passion for vagueness and the obvious. Thus we read of the Elm:—

There are miles of country in the Midlands without a single good specimen, and from this fact and the rarity of its seed ripening, it has been contended that it is not a true native of Britain, but an importation brought over with some other good things by Julius Caesar.

"There are miles of country in the Midlands without a single good specimen . . ." What, precisely, does that mean? There are miles of country in other parts of England, possibly, without good specimens, but we know as fine elms in the Midlands as may be found in this island. Then the author concludes her chapter on the Chestnut with these words:—

A chestnut in full bloom and fragrance well deserves its name of the giant's nosegay, and a scene such as the great Chestnut Avenue in Bushey Park is a vista in fairyland.

Really such writing as that should be left to local guide books.

Concerning the Ash the author naturally quotes the usual rhyme and then proceeds:—

These aphorisms of the weather-wise are generally correct. If, as on rare occasions, the ash is first in leaf a wet summer surely follows, and in damp and mild seasons its leaves may be retained after the oaks are bare.

To which we can only reply that in our experience the old rhyme has no justification whatever. But we have no patience to follow the author through these wearisome chapters; we close the book with the feeling that a noble subject has been treated without respect. We do not doubt the writer's love for trees, but indiscreet affection expressed in print is much worse than the affection which keeps silence.

The little book is fully illustrated from photographs; some are good, others quite uncharacteristic. The elm and the larch have been treated most scurvily, and even the apple tree is not a good example. In a word "The Tree Book" as a whole is a very poor performance. We cannot conceive to whom it is likely to be of any practical use. It makes us weary for some of the old writers who at least had a sense of words and a serene joy in the serenity and loveliness of trees. When trees come down to the level of journalistic treatment we retire into our garden to learn humbleness.

Temperance in All Things.

A PLEA FOR A SIMPLER LIFE. By George S. Keith. (Black. Sixpenny edition.)

"THEY that strive for the mastery are temperate in all things," says St. Paul. It might be the motto for this admirable little book, which begins, with a sixpenny edition, its ninth year of existence. Or its pages might be epitomized in that fitting apophthegm, "You have a fine set of teeth; see that you do not dig your grave with them." On this matter of over-feeding, scientific evidence in favour of Dr. Keith's views was forthcoming at last month's Sanitary Congress at Bradford, and though those of us who knew him can hardly withhold the gibe that his gaunt and ascetic form was an unfortunate complement to his arguments, yet he undoubtedly had much truth on his side. Dr. Keith objected to drugs, to alcohol, and to over-feeding, especially upon meat. Since the book was written the giving of drugs has reached a stage that is largely scientific, and his warning, which must still be considered hyberbolic, may well be ignored. When he tells us that he never gave a child a dose of calomel we can only shrug our shoulders. As regards alcohol he was right. The facts about that valuable poison, accumulated, put to the proof again and again during the last decade in the psychological laboratories of Germany and America and France, are now, though daily questioned and ignored, quite beyond question, and the belief of Dr. Keith that alcohol in disease is a temporary loan at heavy interest—often nevertheless necessary—is now an established scientific fact. In many other cases, also, we may see how the clinician of the old school, trained to observe, arrived at conclusions which the modern race of laboratory investigators have since confirmed. Here and there, as is inevitable in a book written eight years ago, one comes across statements since disproved, as indeed also views never really tenable; but Dr. Keith's burden, plain living and high thinking, is, of course, as true as ever, nor has it often been more admirably sustained. Whilst earnestly recommending this new edition of a salutary and sane little book, and whilst admitting that the question of the desirability of its publication for general and uncritical reading may be waived, we would make two deprecatory comments. The first is that whilst Dr. Keith's strictures upon artificial teeth are plausible, it would be a thousand pities were they accepted. His maxim is, practically, the fewer teeth the better: "which is absurd." Many people who do not possess such teeth would be the happier for acquiring them, and not vice-versâ. Even with thirty-two sound teeth, one can eat in moderation, it is to be supposed. The second point is that, though much truth may, in measure, be conceded, after the criticism of these years, to Dr. Keith's conception of what constitutes over-feeding, this book will doubtless, in the present awful prevalence of tuberculosis, be read by many consumptive persons, who may attach credence to his encomiums upon the "starvation" treatment of consumption. Here he was not only wrong, but very seriously and regrettably wrong. The matter has been put to the proof all the world over, and that is its verdict. But the book is worth everyone's reading.

The 1892 Haeckel.

THE CONFESSION OF FAITH OF A MAN OF SCIENCE. By Ernst Haeckel. (Black. Sixpenny edition.)

IN this transcript of an address delivered at Altenburg in 1892 we have the famous zoologist and monist of Jena in a mood far less aggressive, far less dogmatic, far more reverent, and far more truly scientific than in his "Welt-Räthsel" of eight years later. Indeed, but for the assertion of the carbon-theory of the origin of life, and the support of Max Verworn's brilliant but discredited researches into the psychology of the bacteria, the volume contains nothing, on the positive side, that is not consonant with scientific truth. That it will be more widely read than ever, and deservedly so, cannot be questioned. Brilliance of thought, pellucid clearness of expression, combined—in this volume, at any rate—with something of that true religious feeling which is so fine and so noble in Herbert Spencer—such are its qualities. One cannot but deeply regret that in a few years Haeckel should have forgotten or altered the estimate formed in this "Confession" of the value of Christianity to the world, and should have permitted himself, as he does in the later volume, to alienate the sympathies of all who, like him, are seeking the truth, by his grossly unfair and injudicial statements, which dwell upon burnings at the stake, torture on the rack, and all the other enormities which the gentle Nazarene strove to make for ever impossible, but omit to mention the countless works of mercy and charity which glorified his name.

A word as to Haeckel's hylozoism, that old and splendid theory which attributes life, in its measure, to every atom in the universe. The failure of the carbon and all other theories to explain the origin of life, lends additional support to the Greek belief so well championed by Haeckel to-day, that life is indeed inherent in matter. But if Haeckel ever writes another book—and it would be a thousand pities if the unworthy "Welt-Räthsel" were to close his great career—he will be able to adduce new and powerful evidence in favour of hylozoism. Says Haeckel, "these changes become truly intelligible to us only if we conceive these atoms not as dead masses, but as living elementary particles endowed with the power of attraction and repulsion." Surely no one will ever again think of atoms as "dead masses" who has seen radium under the microscope showering forth fiery sparks by the mere activity of the atoms within it. The simplest atom known consists of some seven hundred portions, each moving at a speed of nearly two hundred thousand miles in a second. In the light of the discovery of electrons we think that no defence is needed for the doctrine which commends itself to all lovers of broad and high conceptions—the doctrine that everything lives. When Jacques told Rosalind "'tis good to be sad and say nothing," she answered "Why, then, 'tis good to be a post." A post is made of wood formed from their food by living cells of the past—a thing wonderful enough—and its whirling atoms are alive in a very real sense. Better things failing, it is good to be a post.

Other New Books.

A FEW REMARKS. By Simeon Ford. (Heinemann. 6s.)

MR. FORD is by way of being a humourist, and his humour is of the sort known as American. He belongs to a school now almost old fashioned, a school, indeed, which we are rather sorry to find still alive. Of real humour there is hardly a trace in this volume, but there is a good deal of the verbal quaintness which so easily raises a smile. The pity is that Mr. Ford, in common with others who have practised the same kind of fun, cannot steer clear of vulgarity.

The author lets us understand that he is an hotel-keeper; whether his point of view is that of an hotel-keeper we cannot say. He writes on all manner of subjects, from Turkish baths to landlords in Cuba, from California to bank-notes. Each subject is treated precisely like its neighbour, and each subject is treated with characteristic shallowness tempered with touches of superficial 'cuteness'. We cannot describe Mr. Ford's manner, nor would it be possible to summarize his point of view. Only quotation can do justice to his way. We select a few passages almost at random. In "At a Turkish Bath" we read:—

If these remarks, which are meant to be deliciously light and playful, appear to you to be fraught with an underlying varicose vein of gloom, do not pass them by, but remember that they are in the interest of science.

That "varicose vein of gloom" is an example of Mr. Ford's taste. Here are other mixed examples:—

It is every man's duty to become patriotic at least once a year, especially when it can be done for ten dollars a plate, including wine.

There are times, of course, when it pays to be exclusive. Noah was doubtless better off in the ark, mingling with his own set, than he would have been out in the swim with the vulgar herd.

And speaking of suicides (I always wax eloquent when I get on this subject, for it is one with which I am thoroughly conversant), it is strange that, with all the new and beautiful hotels which have of late been erected, our old place still continues to be the favoured resort for that class of trade.

At this point we take leave of Mr. Ford. People who like this kind of thing will find three hundred and forty pages of it in "A Few Remarks."

THE H.A.C. IN SOUTH AFRICA. Edited by Basil Williams and Erskine Childers. (Smith, Elder. 3s. 6d. net.)

A VOLUME which will doubtless be interesting to the men of the Honourable Artillery Company, but of small public appeal. Not that the H.A.C. did not acquit themselves well, but we have had so many books of the sort that our appetite was long since satisfied. In the introductory chapter we read: "From first to last and in various capacities 193 members of the Regiment served in South Africa—a number which may assuredly be regarded with just and abiding pride." But is it not a little absurd to devote a book to the doings of 193 men? If wars are to have printed records on this scale there would indeed be no end to the books which would be written.

The narrative is simple and rather pleasantly unsophisticated; for the rest, it goes over old ground, now so familiar that we seem to know it almost as well as London streets. Perhaps the most interesting thing in the volume, and certainly the most valuable, is Captain and Brevet-Major Budworth's review of the regiment's work. Amongst other wise and practical things the writer says: "Composite volunteer regiments, in my opinion, have no advantages to recommend them." In an appendix a list is given of the members of the H.A.C. who served in South Africa.

THE SHAMBLES OF SCIENCE; EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY OF TWO STUDENTS OF PHYSIOLOGY. By Lizzy Lind af Hageby and Leisa K. Schartau. (Ernest Bell.)

THESE two women members of the Scandinavian Anti-Vivisection movement have attended numerous physiological demonstrations for the purpose of obtaining a degree. They changed their minds, however, and have published this book, whilst abandoning their studies as "nobody objecting to experiments on animals could have a chance of obtaining a degree." This, of course, is nonsense; but

certainly no one who could write a serious chapter on the sufferings of a decapitated frog, or the agonies of a "trembling heart" held in the observer's hand, and entirely removed from the rest of the body, would have any chance of obtaining any distinction which depended on the possession of information. "No person of truly-refined mind could be a vivisector"; the Pasteur Institute a palace of "well-paid quackery"; such erroneous statements, contradicted on the same page, as "Morphia is not an anæsthetic"; with personal insults heaped upon the memory of Pasteur and the character of Lord Lister: such are the essential features of a book which can serve only to strengthen the hands of those workers against whom its shafts of ignorance and mis-statement are directed. Fortunately the invaluable work now done by women doctors in the zenanas of the East, in Algeria, and many other parts of the world where men are forbidden to approach the other sex, more than compensates for the area of good paper and the hours of the compositors' time squandered in the production of such a volume as this.

Dr. George Wyld's "Notes of My Life" (Kegan, Paul) is a curious little book, made up of personal reminiscences, reflections on all manner of subjects, and notes on law reform and the like. The author claims that during the past thirty years he has been instrumental in bringing about a more philosophical relationship between the two Schools of Medicine; that he practically introduced into Great Britain the substitution of calf-lymph vaccination for the old arm-to-arm method; that he practically inaugurated the Liberal Unionist Party, and various other things. In an epilogue, Dr. Wyld explains what Spiritualism has taught him, but the explanation, it must be confessed, is as loose and vague as such things usually are.

NEW EDITIONS: The latest issues in Messrs. Chapman and Hall's "Fireside Dickens" are "David Copperfield," "Dombey and Son," and "Reprinted Pieces."—Messrs. Macmillan have just issued, in a two shilling edition, "Tom Brown at Oxford," with Sidney Hall's illustrations. —To their "Temple Bible" series Messrs. Dent have added "Tobit and the Babylonian Apocryphal Writings," edited by Dr. Sayce, and "Wisdom and the Jewish Apocryphal Writings," edited by Mr. W. B. Stevenson.

Fiction.

IDYLS OF THE GASS. By Martha Wolfenstein. (Macmillan. 6s.)

IT stimulates reflection to compare these unidyllic "idyls" with the equally philo-Semitic work of Grace Aguilar. When Miss Aguilar was writing, more than fifty years ago, she had so little idea of our modern appetite for the terminology of sects and trades, that much of her work reads as though Jewish life and ritual expressed themselves in nothing individual and untranslatable. Read Mrs. Wolfenstein on the other hand, and you bump against an unfamiliar word on almost every page. The hero is a Bochurle (little scholar) who lives with his grandmother, the baker of the Shalets or Sabbath dinners for the Jews, in the Judengasse of an Austrian village. Such a *mise en scène* assures the reader of an amount of intimate local colour in a short book which would be sought for in vain in the whole of "The Vale of Cedars." The result, we are bound to say, is a piece of literature of conspicuous merit, bubbling with a pathos whose only drawback is the prophecy it makes of a Jewish substitute for the Kail-yard. Ending though the book does with the murderous attack of an anti-Semitic mob upon "the Gass," there is

much humour by the way. An early instance is the proof of old Maryam's ability to "pasken [answer ritual questions] as well as any rabbi." The cat, it seems, had licked the cream. "'Wai!' I cried, 'the cream is trefa' [ritually unclean, hence forbidden], for Miz had just finished gnawing a jawbone . . . Then I thought of Maryam. 'If Miz washed his snout after the soup-bone,' said Maryam, 'the cream is not trefa.' I knew that Miz always did wash after eating, so we had the cream for supper."

Both Maryam and her grandson are portraits charming enough to melt even Gentiles capable of believing in the torture of "the miraculous Host." Of the two the boy is the more memorable, whether he is accusing the Shechinah of stealing cheeses, or sacrificing his dinner or gossiping like a newspaper, he is always natural. In fine, "Idyls of the Gass" should be read.

STRAWBERRY LEAVES. By A. Leaf. (Nash. 6s.)

A. LEAF is certainly not a fig leaf, and if, as the connection of the title implies, he is a "strawberry leaf," there should be some casting down of golden crowns upon his devoted but unquestionably audacious head. His theme is a duchess whose dressmaker's bill is not paid by her husband. "In the sight of God," as the phrase used to run, she differs not at all from any other speculator in sex. She is not so much portrayed for us as opened—opened with a laugh and a jeer. True, we never pounce upon her in the commission of her adulteries, but we know quite enough to satisfy a jury; and all with a sense that she is a figure of comedy, and that we are not to mind.

The book is a natural outcome of the vogue enjoyed by "The Visits of Elizabeth," which it cannot be said to imitate because it makes a quite candid and sincere appeal to the taste for scandalous memoirs. The author, like many another, has yet to learn that certain things cannot be said in salons because they would be overheard; and such phrases as "beat-about-the-bush tactics," "don't-care-a-damn lapse," proclaim him insensitive to all beauties of style except "crispness." Yet is his book very clever. That limpid sinner, his duchess, who disliked the lover who "insisted on Bowdlerising her" to her face and worshipping her in an "abstract, purposeless, Pelleas-Ettarean way," is alive to her finger-tips. The narrative of her conquest of the Duke of St. Ayr is as sparkling a bit of hard satire as one could ask for, under the title of "how the great mate." Less convincing is the episode of her entrance into the exclusive circle of a duchess of spotless repute. "The Saint," says the author, "had struck the right chord in appealing to the Duchess to give her a hoist back on to the prosy path of domesticity." Be it added that it is not domesticity which is prosy in this curious book. Prosy is its love, and prosy is its sin. A. Leaf is too sagacious, too youthfully sagacious, to make them anything else.

THE COMPOSITE LADY. By Thomas Cobb. (Chapman and Hall.)

THE "Composite Lady" is written in Mr. Cobb's familiar style; the action developed by dialogue, and the whole based on the lightest of stories. It is undeniably well done, and one reads the dialogue with amusement and interest, if not with conviction. For now-a-days the young man of twenty-five with £15,000 a year is so experienced that one hesitates to believe he could find absorbing amusement in unearthing the original of a picture exhibited in the Academy. And the original, of course, is not to be found; for she is an ideal, a skilful blend of red, white, and blue. But the young man of wealth and leisure will not or cannot understand that "Juliet" is a composite

lady, one-third the artist's sister, one-third a designing widow, and one-third an artist's model. So he falls in love with all three, taking to his heart one-third of the picture each day, so to speak, and thus enabling the author to postpone the inevitable to the last page. The story rattles along, with calls, a yacht, a country cottage, a breach of promise action settled out of court; one chapter lingers on the verge of a scandal, and another shows the penalties of the merest kiss. But Mr. Cobb draws his women better than his hero. The picture on the cover must surely be a libel on everyone concerned, for the young man of fashion looks like an ostler, while "Juliet" has the appearance of the vanishing lady in a fury of flames.

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the Week's Fiction are not necessarily final. Reviews of a selection will follow.]

THE HOUSE ON THE SANDS.

By CHARLES MARRIOTT.

By the author of "Love with Honour." The book deals with an idea of Imperial policy which is to unite the Empire. The hero of the story is President of the Board of Trade, who, in order to pass his Imperial Shipping Bill, becomes a shipowner. Incidentally there are experiments in platonic affection and other matters. A serious book, and one which seems to mark a new phase in the author's work. (Lane. 6s.)

THE MS. IN A RED BOX.

Dedicated to its unknown author by the publisher, who tells again the story of the mysterious manuscript in a prefatory note. On the cover we find the red box accompanied by the Della Robbia plaque from the Florentine Foundling Hospital. The book proves to be an historical romance on somewhat conventional lines, opening in the year 1627, when the narrator was "as blithe and merry as any young fellow in the world." The plot turns on the contests of Englishmen with Dutch interlopers in the northern counties. (Lane. 7s.)

THE GOLDEN RAPIDS OF HIGH LIFE.

By RICHARD HENRY SAVAGE.

A story of diplomatic intrigue, opening with a cosmopolitan gathering at a Parisian hotel. There is an Austrian count, a New York yachtsman, and a young diplomatist whom the count and the yachtsman propose to ruin for purposes of their own. The hero is engaged upon a mission "of tremendous import" to certain European courts, and the story moves to Madrid, where it becomes involved in the recent American war. (White. 6s.)

THE TRIUMPH OF JILL.

By F. E. YOUNG.

Jill was the daughter of an artist who, with one foot in the grave, was obliged to admit that although art was the only thing worth living for, "yet it's the most bally-rotten thing to take up as a bread-winning profession, you understand." He left Jill unprovided for, and the book is an account of her struggles to live by teaching. On the last page her husband declares "I wouldn't swop you and the boy, Jill, for the untold wealth of the world." (Long. 6s.)

THE LAST WORD.

By ALICE MACGOWAN.

An American story of literary life opening with a scene on a Texas rancho. The narrator is "a young woman going to New York to engage in literary and journalistic pursuits." She became an author and married the artist who illustrated the book which she had finished "as a sort of sacrifice upon the grave of our dead love." There are seven illustrations. (Hutchinson. 6s.)

We have also received: "A Girl of Ideas," by Annie Flint (Ward, Lock) and "Thraldom," by Helen Prothero Lewis (Long).

THE ACADEMY.

Editorial and Publishing Offices, 43, Chancery Lane.

*The ACADEMY will be sent post-free, if prepaid, to every Annual Subscriber in the United Kingdom.**Price for One Issue, Threepence; postage One Halfpenny. Price for 52 issues, Thirteen Shillings; postage free.*

<i>Foreign Rates, for Yearly Subscriptions, prepaid (including postage)</i>	17/6
<i>Quarterly</i>	5/0
<i>Price for one issue</i>	7/5

Mr. Neil Munro and Another.

THE rotation of crops may be a very good thing in agriculture, but the rotation of manner, we are sure, is an evil thing in literature. This generation has seen the rotation of manner brought to something of a science—an imitative and distressing science, it is true, but nevertheless subject to laws as definite as those of gravitation. A piper of skill sets the tune, and at once a dozen minor musicians get his pitch and breathe as melodiously as they may in the wake of the conqueror's streamers. We have had the historical romantic manner, the pure romantic, the sentimental, the silly, the jaunty and the indiscreet. Each of these has had its protagonist, and each has had its horde of eager disciples, tumbling over one another's heels in the pious hope that even they also might catch so much of the right spirit as to make and sell a little book. It has thus been quite possible for the careful observer of one season's novels to predict the crop of the next; the difficulty has been to select books which had some basis of their own, some individual faculty, some beauty, shy perhaps, but still touched with blood and emotion. Yet often, when such books have happily been discovered, we have found their authors in their later work declining upon that worst form of imitation—imitation of themselves. They exaggerate their own faults, overload their own beauties, and cry aloud when a serene whisper would have served. There are, no doubt, reasons for this, and one of them lies in the assiduous imitator; an author feels that he must somehow keep ahead of the scurrying flock, and so he sacrifices the reserve and continence of his art for the sake of a season's conquest.

There are writers, however, who appear to imitate themselves for no such reason, and one of these is Mr. Neil Munro. Mr. Munro has a very individual talent, in essence original, though in expression influenced strongly by a great forerunner. But whereas Stevenson broadened with time, purged himself of mannerism, and came more and more to go for inspiration to life, until at last he was able to accomplish such work as "Weir of Hermiston," Mr. Munro, either from perversity or choice, has taken the other way. Mr. Munro has the finest feeling for romance now alive amongst our younger writers; there were stories in "The Lost Pibroch" which thrilled the imagination and revived elusive and glittering memories; there were chapters in "John Splendid" so clearly visualised that one saw at once the working of a mind subtle and sensitive upon material ready for its use. But since the publication of "John Splendid" Mr. Munro seems to have stood still; he has given us two or three romances excellent in themselves, but not excellent enough; there has been little growth in the essence of the whole matter, grasp and presentation of character. Mr. Munro always bestowed infinite pains upon his backgrounds; in his latest story, "Children of Tempest" (Blackwood), the background swamps the characters. He has brought to this study of the Outer Isles an adjectival equipment which finally has an effect as numbing as the clamour of

the wind; one suffers from that familiar malady of letters, adjectival exhaustion.

The story which Mr. Munro has to tell is simple enough. He gives us a hidden treasure—the "fifty year fortune" of his heroine—a pair of step-brothers who are rivals rather in the manner of the brothers in the "Master of Ballantrae," the heroine herself, and her brother, the excellent priest. But Mr. Munro has treated his theme with a verbal elaboration, and an insistence of epithet, which have the effect of taking the narrative away from normal life and planting it in some region of over-strained nerves and bewildering fancies. The book has many beauties; in the drawing of the girl's character the author here and there touches upon a brave lyrical note which is human and tender and strong, and the brothers are well enough contrasted to serve their ends; but in the main we are confused by a lack of proportion and a sense of unreality which spring from Mr. Munro's desire to get the utmost at all costs from each incident as it develops. We often lose the beauty of the picture in the dazzle of the frame; the adjectives leap and hustle like waves. Yet over the whole story there is such a glamour, such a fine sense of joy in life, that we are assured that Mr. Munro only needs to break away from his self-imposed bondage to take his proper place. Simplicity is the first and last thing he needs.

"Children of Tempest" contains more descriptions of the sea and islands than any book we have recently read. Nothing is more difficult to describe than the sea; it leaps from blank monotony into infinite variety at a touch of wind or sun, and is forever the mother of mystery and the home of wandering hearts. Mr. Munro naturally rejoices in the sea; it is, as it were, the soul of his book. But he has made it the subject of endless repetitions, and he has lavished upon it his whole armoury of adjectives; the "eternal seas incomprehensible" and such like phrases are so numerous that at last we long for some simple touch, some childish babble, to take us away from the sophistication of measured literature. Mr. Munro's sentences glide on with a monotonous music; even his dialogue moves to the same sedate measure. An island fisherman talks like this:—

There has not been a notable fishing, my grief! since the year of the yellow snow. At the best of it I was always thinking the long lines no gentleman's occupation. The cod and conger—they are the churls of the sea, daundering around in singles like the raven of the land: give me the herring of the summer time, that moves from place to place in jolly bands, and is a King's fish, and was never caught by the greed of its guts with worm or cockle, but went to its death, like the Great Macleans, in noble armles. Long lines! long lines! to the Worst with them!—give me the nets at her, bow to back, and the brine of the curing-barrels.

That is excellent, doubtless; it is even a pleasure to transcribe the words; but a book-full of such flowing dialogue is too much. Curiously enough, in spite of his sophistication of style, Mr. Munro has an entirely unsophisticated outlook, so that at times we are reminded of an eagle fastened to earth by a cord of manufactured silk.

We need not dwell upon the many excellences of "Children of Tempest"; with the faults which we have tried to indicate it remains a book which no true lover of modern literature can afford to leave unread. Whatever our point of view concerning its manner may be, it is authentic literature enough. And occasionally, in the writer's proper person, it has passages over which we have lingered with delight.

The dominant idea which emerges from such a consideration as this is the idea that simplicity, after all, is the jewel of great price. The simplest language is best fitted to express the most profound emotions; let any reader who may momentarily doubt this turn to the sixth chapter of the second book of "Esmond"—a chapter entirely without strain or artifice, yet poignant as a

personal grief. It is curious that so late in the day as this there should be experimenters in English—one is inclined to say of our familiar tongue, "Bless thee, Bottom! bless thee! thou art translated!" There is no need for any further experiment—until the genius of tongues descends upon some happy and inspired worshipper. Happily the inspired worshipper is usually content with the riches to which he was born.

And it may not be out of place here to refer to a story which has struck us by reason of its extreme simplicity of narration, its reserved but effective characterization, its avoidance of all meretricious detail. We do not propose in any way to compare Mr. John D. Barry's "A Daughter of Thespis" (Chapman and Hall) with Mr. Munro's "Children of Tempest," but Mr. Barry's book may very well serve to illustrate one of our points. Here is a novel which comes from America very different from the ordinary American novel, and very different, too, from the ordinary English novel. It deals with theatrical people, yet is entirely clean and wholesome, and it deals with them from the inside. The book does not contain a line of fine writing, it errs rather on the side of the commonplace in phrase, yet it has left with us a quite living impression of certain episodes in certain lives. And there would seem to be no secret about Mr. Barry's work—no secret, at least, about his method. But he certainly has that rare secret which may never be discovered and applied by the unselect, the secret of reading life with knowledge and setting down actual impressions with sympathy and without any kind of cant. "A Daughter of Thespis" will not be a popular book, we imagine, but it will find readers here and there who still retain an affection for simplicity and reality, and those few will have their reward.

And if there be any conclusion to the whole matter it is summed up in the word—simplicity. It may be well enough for certain writers to play with words, to blow bubbles, to do a score of variants of the hat-trick, but the novelist who has any true business with the craft has to deal with wider issues and with deeper themes. It is amazing that with all life before him he should content himself with less than life, that he should neglect the pearl of the oyster for its imaginary shell. We do not wish to insist too much upon the responsibility of the artist, but all real artists know the meaning of the word in a sense quite free from any kind of didacticism. One is almost inclined to think that in our modern world the profession of letters is the only one without a sense of the inherent responsibility which it, more than all others, requires. Unfortunately the profession of letters includes much which has no more to do with letters than is implied by the printed word. But Mr. Munro understands that responsibility, and so, evidently, does Mr. Barry. Each might learn something from the other.

Past and Present.

It is impossible to pass without welcome a new edition of Jocelin of Brakelond. For two shillings you may now get the whole chronicle in a little volume in "The King's Classics." It is an admirable translation, with all necessary guides in the way of preface, notes, historical explanations, table of dates, and index, to say nothing of a portrait of Abbot Samson himself as he appears on his own seal, holding his crozier and book, and vested in amice, alb, tunic, dalmatic, chasuble, rationale, and mitre. The whole has been arranged, edited, and annotated by Sir Ernest Clarke, and if any wish for an imaginative exercise in history or in the higher economics, here is the book he should obtain and read at leisure side by side with Carlyle's "Past and Present," to which this very chronicle formed the text and owes its widest fame. We

now stand at a crisis of our country's history very similar to the time when, exactly sixty years ago, Carlyle issued that volcanic little book, the first of the pamphlets by which he so profoundly influenced and even changed the aspect of economic theory and social aims in England. Almost the same problems are before us now. They concern more people, they appear rather larger and more complicated. The difficulties of the past always seem comparatively simple, for in thinking of them we omit the elements of fear and uncertainty, and as a rule we can see their issue, which appears inevitable because it has happened. Yet to our grandfathers of sixty years ago the problems of life were quite as difficult as our own, and they were rather peculiarly the same. And so it is at a very opportune moment that Sir Ernest Clarke brings out his edition and recalls to us the chronicle in which Carlyle found so much ensample, warning, and guidance for his generation.

The suddenness of Jocelin's story is so astonishing. There is nothing to compare with it but the rise and fall of the curtain in a theatre. There the interval between the entrance and exit is filled with imaginary inventions, but in Jocelin it is filled with actual things—with sights and sounds that were seen and heard upon the solid world. Time is rent, and across seven centuries we gain a glimpse of scenes so vivid that they might be happening still. In a flash the ages have vanished that brought the printing press and gunpowder and Greek; that overturned the ancient Church, and broke the royal power; that bore the steam-engine, and covered the island with furnaces and ash-heaps, and set ten men to stand where one stood before, and revealed the Americas and Antipodes, and gave us Empires and all those wars. In a flash we see the Abbey of St. Edmund still a-building, and old Hugh the Abbot going blind and obviously nearing his latter end. It is a famous Abbey and a rich; it contains the actual body, head and all, of a martyr-saint as yet without rival on that side England; for Thomas of Canterbury was but three years dead, and reverence to him was still a dubious matter considering the temper of Henry, the energetic, orderly, but distinctly irascible King, who had not yet done his penance at the tomb. But in spite of these advantages the Abbey is in a confused and unhappy state, its finances all in chaos, its debts uncertain and increasing, the monks making their own seals and borrowing for their own advantage, Jews becoming so impudent on the strength of their claims that they run in and out of the monastery as they please, shelter their wives and children there in war-time, and actually ramble about the altars and round the shrine while high mass is being said. Life is allowed to slide along carelessly from day to day, no order kept, no decency observed, and nothing said. Abbot and cellarer are at perpetual feud over the payment for the knights, legates, pilgrims and other guests who flock to the shrine and demand hospitality as their right. The Abbey's rentals, hidages, fodder corn, hen-rents, and other dues are allowed to slip or shamefully diverted into other hands. There are whispers that the reputation of some of the monks is not untarnished: "tacenda quedam," we read of—"unmentionable things," scandalous to the great communion of Benedict. And outside the walls are endless difficulties about wards and feudal rights, about clerks and seculars, about King and Pope, and wars with France and Flanders, and rebellions of the King's sons; and all the time the trumpets blare for the Crusade. Here are "problems" enough calling for a serious man's deliberation and settlement, and by the brief glimpse given us in the forty pages or so of manuscript left by a gossiping monk and preserved by mere good luck when every other treasure of the shrine is lost, we are able as in no other case to summon up before us the real life which those problems concerned—the life of an age that till quite lately was called indifferently Medieval or Dark.

From no constitutional history, from no record of kings and wars and law-giving, and from no historical romance do we get a picture of early English life to be compared for truth and interest with the scenes that but for those few leaves in monkish Latin would have vanished from us as utterly as though they had never been. It is as Carlyle says:—

Behold, therefore, this England of the year 1200 (Jocelin, in fact, begins his story in 1173) was no chimerical vacuity or dreamland, peopled with mere vaporous Fantasms, Rymer's *Fœdera*, and Doctrines of the Constitution; but a green, solid place that grew corn and several other things. The sun shone on it; the vicissitude of seasons and human fortunes. Cloth was woven and worn; ditches were dug, furrow-fields ploughed, and houses built. Day by day all men and cattle rose to labour, and night by night returned home weary to their several lairs. In wondrous Dualism, then as now, lived nations of breathing men; alternating, in all ways, between light and dark, between joy and sorrow, between rest and toil—between hope, hope reaching high as Heaven, and fear deep as very Hell.

There lies the value of the book; it brings mankind into history, and delivers us from the lists, names and dates and documents with which the learned are always trying to put us off. What would we not give for a similar glimpse into life at one of the fortress castles—say at Bamborough, or Naworth, or Harlech, or Corfe! In Jocelin's story three Kings appear and vanish. We see Henry II., and twice he swears "by the very eyes of God"; we see the Lion-Heart, furiously raging at an imagined wrong, and appeased like a boy by the gift of a few nice dogs; and we see John, entertained at the Abbey with enormous expense, and making no offering but thirteen pence for a mass, and a silken cloth which his servants had borrowed from the sacrist and never paid for. We would give something for the story of any of those Kings told as Jocelin could have told it had he lived with one of them day and night for six years as he lived with Abbot Samson. And yet we would not change, for anyone may get some knowledge of a King, but of Abbot Samson there is not a human being now living (except the antiquaries) who would have heard a single word without Jocelin's help.

England has not been rich in saints. The Celts have had their share; the early Saxon Church produced a few; but since the national character took its form, it has hardly produced one saint that counts. Nearly all the great saints have sprung from Italy, France, or Spain. Our race has seldom shown itself capable of the simplicity, meditation, prayerfulness, and visionary rapture that go to sanctitude. We have had plenty of very good men, but almost without exception they have followed a life of action, and have been distinguished for war, business, organization, discovery, or some other form of practical work. So it is with Abbot Samson; we find in him no more than the typical Englishman at his best. He was a religious man certainly. It did not occur to him, it hardly occurred to anyone, to question the doctrines of the Church. He held his main principles as absolute and eternal truths, only doubted by Jews and the heathen, for whom hell was ready. His profound reverence at the opening of St. Edmund's coffin is the true nature of worship. No charge of sin, excess, or even indulgence is ever brought against him. His manner of life was rigorous and clean. But for all that he was not of the stuff that saints are made of. Jocelin admits it: "The Abbot preferred an active life to one of contemplation," he says, "and rather commended good officials than good monks." He was himself, in fact, a model official of the English type. Capable of long obedience, and careless of external signs of power, he was still so firm of purpose that the old Abbot Hugh complained he was the only man he could not bend. We hear first of his skill in building, his arrangement of the sacred pictures and his composition of verses to explain them. He was continually building and restoring the Abbey's possessions, clearing land,

enclosing parks for the chase, and breeding dogs, though he took no part in sport. His first endeavour as Abbot was to restore the monastery's finance; he could never rest, we are told, till he knew the full extent of the debts. He was zealous for the Abbey's wealth, purchasing valuable manors (for which he offered half price first), seldom remitting dues, checking tyranny against the poor, but insisting on his uttermost rights against the citizens of London in the matter of his fair and their claim to carry Yarmouth herrings through his demesnes. He was continually involved in trouble with his cellarer, his sacrist, his hospitaller, his purveyors, and even his dean, who ran up a mill without leave and had to pull it down with extraordinary rapidity. In hopes of stopping up the sink of debt, he drove the Jews out of Bury altogether. Whenever he went abroad, he returned with some worthy gift for the shrine—a fine copy of the Gospels, a golden cross, a chasuble, a mitre, or sandals, and a silver crozier. In the Courts, bribery was powerless over him. One minute touch of character is preserved in his gift of the manor of Thorpe to an English villein, "whose honesty he trusted the more as he was a good husbandman and could not speak French." So Bismarck said he never trusted an Englishman who spoke French well. For himself, Samson, "though indifferent to style," could be eloquent in French or Latin, but always preached in English, "of the Norfolk dialect." His aspect was acute and penetrating; he rarely smiled; he worked without ceasing, though he was fond of going off to one of his manors, because he found his temper so much better there than at home. Among his monks, as some had foretold at his election, he did at times "rage like a wolf." Slackness, dishonesty, luxury, or disobedience would kindle such a flame within him that his heart surged and he nearly choked with rage. At such times he would absent himself to calm his anger, and on return would offer reconciliation (always retaining his own way) and kiss again in copious tears.

Except for those tears, which our public schools have suppressed, it is a regularly English type of character, and on the whole the best type our country produces in any abundance. Carlyle did not sufficiently recognise that the kind of man is still not uncommon. He chose examples of the other types he saw around him, and compared them with Abbot Samson, very much to their disadvantage. In the midst of vague theorising and talk about first principles, economic laws, and the action of the State, his object was to show the supreme value of the person, the individual character, the man apart from the averages of statistics or legislation. That value still exists; it is at least as powerful now as sixty years ago. On the leaven of such character as Samson's, diffused throughout all classes, the strength and beauty of the country and the empire depend far more than upon markets, gold mines, tariff laws, and unexampled prosperity. And if we are inclined to think that the race is still richer in this kind of leaven than Carlyle himself supposed—well, it is so much the better for us all. For the type is capable of stern endurance and noble activity; it is possessed by a passion for justice, and against all the assaults of corruption it stands above suspicion.

The Preraphaelite Morris.

THE name of William Morris as a poet is a well-known name. Mention it, and your hearer will at once say, "The Earthly Paradise." And he is satisfied that he has placed Morris, pigeon-holed him as men like to pigeon-hole poets, novelists, or painters. He stands for somewhat dreamy and immeasurably diffuse narrative poetry, with Chaucerian elaboration of detail. A follower of Chaucer, without Chaucerian freshness and interest in the actualities

of life. Yes, he is known and placed. But there is another Morris, who is seemingly quite forgotten in these days; and of that fact the reissue of "The Defence of Guenevere" (Longmans) reminds us. For though it underwent some revision by the author in 1892, that revision leaves it substantially the volume of 1858; some slight alteration in the order of the poems being the chief change. It is the early William Morris; and the early William Morris is (to our mind) most undeservedly overlooked. Though doubtless more tentative, though doubtless under external influence to a greater degree than in the voluminous poem which won him fame, this early Morris is to us in many ways more attractive than the later Morris (if we except "Love Is Enough," which is only less neglected by the general reader than "The Defence of Guenevere"). It has a freshness, a fervour of a new movement embraced with all the ardour of youth, a frequent zeal of inspiration, which we find lacking in the elaborate "Earthly Paradise." It is nowise elaborated, but bears the visible token of young impulse. And it is in a style which has now become historical, and for its historic importance alone must have an interest.

For it is the Preraphaelite Morris. It was written while the author was one of the young Oxford band, in which Burne Jones, Mr. Swinburne, and himself were leaders, which gathered round the fervid inspiration of Dante Rossetti. The influence of Rossetti is writ large across it, and it bears the common character of the Preraphaelite movement. It is in love with mediæval themes, and the romance of mediæval habits and manners, as all these Preraphaelites were. The minute and scrupulous detail which characterised the Preraphaelite movement alike in painting and poetry is more conspicuous in it than in Rossetti himself—if one except a few poems of Rossetti's, such as the unfinished early poem which his brother has printed in the poet-painter's collected works. All these young men, it is clear, were doing the same thing at the same time.

Yet withal it is individual. Despite the common character it shares with its inspirer, Rossetti, it is clearly the work of a separate personality in the Preraphaelite band. It is Morris, not an echo of a greater poet. The association with Rossetti only lends it charm. There is, for instance, a very charming poem to Morris's future wife ("Beata Mea Domina") which we remember reading before we were aware that Mrs. William Morris was the model for Rossetti's later pictures. Yet so admirably does the poem give the character and sentiment of her peculiar beauty, that we instantly recognised in it the lady of Rossetti's painting. It is no slight feat for words thus to rival paint, though it be not the higher order of poetry. And two, at least, of the poems are suggested by early pictures of Rossetti's—one "The Blue Bower," among the best, to our mind.

The peculiar strength we find in many of these early poems—a strength which afterwards disappeared from William Morris's work—is a very vivid and cunning dramatic quality. One, indeed, "Sir Peter Harpdon's End," is cast in dramatic form; and a very successful little dramatic sketch it seems to us, in these undramatic days. The final scene only (so far as we can discern) lacks the quality of action necessary for the stage. The other narrative or lyric poems have constantly a dramatic touch, and it is always effective. Morris seizes just the little details of actuality which bring scene or action home to us. This quality does not lend itself to quotation, since it is the accumulation of such touches which produces the effect. Nor has he the descriptive magic that makes Tennyson so quotable; though he can be graphic enough. For instance:—

One kiss,
And I should be in Avalon asleep,
Among the poppies, and the yellow flowers;
And they should brush my cheek, my hair being spread
Far out among the stems; soft mice and small

Eating and creeping all about my feet,
Red shod and tired; and the flies should come
Creeping o'er my broad eyelids unafraid;
And there should be a noise of water going,
Clear blue fresh water breaking on the slates.

A trumpet? I will run fast, leap adown
The slippery sea-stairs, where the crabs fight.

It is vivid, it pleases; but it does not enchant, there is no marvel in it. Of the dramatic quality you have a taste in this bit, where the old knight tells how, as a boy, he fought by his father in the suppression of the Jacquerie—that mediæval fore-relish of the French Revolution. They enter Beauvais Church, which the peasants had fired, after heaping it with slaughter of women and men.

My father, who was by me, gave a shout
Between a beast's howl and a woman's scream,
Then, panting, chuckled to me: "John, look! look!
Count the dames' skeletons!" From some bad dream
Like a man just awaked, my father shook;
And I, being faint with smelling the burnt bones,
And very hot with fighting down the street,
And sick of such a life, fell down, with groans
My head went weakly nodding to my feet.

Perhaps the reader may discern a quality there; but the passage fades, torn from its context, and on the whole we find it impossible to illustrate our praise by less than the whole poem itself. In "Sir Peter Harpdon's End" there is not only drama, but characteristic dialogue—obvious character, it may be. "The Haystack in the Floods" is a finished little piece of dramatic narration; not a syllable too much or too little, and strong effect wrought by simplicity and restraint. You get imaginative realisation in such slight and casual, but intimate, touches as:—

While for rage his thumb beat fast
Upon his sword-hilt.

Or this:—

A wicked smile
Wrinkled her face, her lips grew thin,
A long way out she thrust her chin.

Note the admirable pictorial touch in the last line. Or again this:—

Straightway Godmar's head,
As though it hung on strong wires, turn'd
Most sharply round, and his face burn'd.

The image of the second line is excellently graphic. And when the lady's lover is slain before her eyes, and she is menaced with her own final doom—

She shook her head, and gaz'd awhile
At her cold hands with a rueful smile,
As though this thing had made her mad.

It is worth reams of piteous description. But the masterliness lies in the exact adequacy of the entire narrative, not in this detachable portion or that.

Much of the book, however, is occupied with poems that seek a romantic or even dream effect, which touch on what Mr. Stead would call "Borderland." Many are too little in earnest, too obvious sports of fancy, to have much appeal, or more than a superficial pleasurable effect. The best, we think, is the poem suggested by Rossetti's picture, "The Blue Bower." It is over-vague, even for a class in which vagueness is a needful element of impression; yet it does to a considerable extent, and in the greater part of it, compass a real hauntingness. Especially is this so with the repeated refrain, and with the opening and final portions. Thus it begins:—

THE DAMOZELS.

Lady Alice, Lady Louise,
Between the wash of the tumbling seas
We are ready to sing, if so ye please;
So lay your long hands on the keys;
Sing, *Laude pueri*.
And ever the great bell overhead
Boom'd in the wind a knell for the dead,
Though no one toll'd it, a knell for the dead.

LADY LOUISE.

Sister, let the measure swell
Not too loud; for you sing not well
If you drown the faint boom of the bell;
He is weary, so am I.

And ever the chevron overhead
Flapp'd on the banner of the dead;
(Was he asleep, or was he dead?)

The refrain has, indeed, a sullen and mysterious toll; and were the poem somewhat more distinctly and sufficiently motivated, it might have been an addition to the few successful things of the kind. As it is, there is much that clings to the fancy. "Golden Wings" is a pure piece of romance at play; a mixture of the early Tennyson with Præraphaelite mediævalism; charming enough in its irresponsible kind; and there is much like it. A lack of central substance is the fault of many things in the book: some of the ballads might well have inspired Calverley's delightful mockery, with its refrain—"Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese." They come to very little beyond tinkling rhyme. But as a whole, if not great poetry, this is a distinctly interesting volume, and this devotedly mediæval Morris a pleasant Morris to make acquaintance with, a fresher poet than he of the "Earthly Paradise."

Impressions.

The Hero.

If there were virtue in weather there need not have been a dry boot in the meeting, nor would there have been a dry pair of eyes if words could be wounds. The lecturer's natural speech had been locked up so long that its discharge was an eruption. He prodded at the map of the remote place, whence he came, with a feverish impatience that he should have to hunt for a name engraven upon his soul. He collected the wrongs of his ignorant flock about him, and his bubbling perorations on their enormity shrilled into squeals. One reflected that he was of a Republic addicted to lynching, and felt that he condemned us in his heart for the well-bred ease with which we kept our seats instead of yelling discordantly for ships and battering rams.

We were sorry for him and his; and yet the thunderous syllables "civilised world" lost by repetition, as even does celestial thunder which, after many proclamations, sounds like furniture moving about in the sky.

And at last a man asked, "Did you see those chopped-off hands?"

He had not seen them, and though we did not, could not, against irrefutable testimony, doubt their severance, we wriggled as at the anti-climax of a friend, feeling that, though he came out of Bluebeard's own abominable private domain, he was, after all, in respect of the ultimate ghastly secret of it, no better than a newspaper.

He sat down to the sound of such sympathetic applause as might have told him that he was on the stage and merely a player.

Followed the immense earnestness of a man able to anatomise the framework of Government. Out of the lecturer's nightmare, he evoked order and plan. Our eyes were filled heretofore with a confusion of fleeing men and bullying recruiters, of cannibal assistants behind tax-collectors vociferating for copper crosses, of oleaginous missionaries affecting myopy, and acting papa to a multitude of mysterious babes. The anatomist spoke, and shameful method ruled shameless chaos. It was there in the equatorial darkness, and here in Parliament Street's electricity, with a legible banner over it, and even the lecturer was enlightened. With slaps of his hand on a book that documented his evidence, the speaker uttered

in his big bass voice some religious words that were only a peroration because they were fitly an end.

So far unconscious art had united us with conviction. The papers might explain everything in the morning, and resolve slavery into education, cannibals into vegetarians, and effect other pleasing transformations; for the present, however, we were charmed to our orators' view. Now was the time to show hands and go.

But it was not to be, and first one and then another arose and repeated or debased his predecessors' arguments by adducing meaner ones.

At last, as we shrugged and fidgetted, a middle-aged man of a demeanour subdued but agitated, leaked, as it were, on to the platform, and whispered.

Called upon to speak, he stood before us nondescript, lifted above us by a freak of fate. His voice had no magic, but it moved by its unsteadiness. He was, he said, delayed by bereavement; he had just come away. I saw momentarily into the room where folks wait for the secret door to open in the very air we breathe and the very light whereby we see—for the secret door to open and dismiss a soul. But what I heard was something that could not sound interesting, at whatever expense of throttled grief it was said. Were those words "civilised world" or "the whole civilised world" that I heard for the fiftieth time that night? I knew not; only that I had heard them before.

And at the vanity of this visit from the house of mourning, at the heroism of this dutiful fulfilment of a promise—which, it is probable, was only exacted to propitiate or to please—I heard an ironic laughter in my soul that tightened my lips as though to shut it in, and almost called the tears to my eyes to atone for its unholliness.

Drama.

On the Heights.

On the Alp, between the pine-wood and the precipice, the air blows heavy with the scent of thyme and butterfly, orchis, and innumerable herbs. Red butterflies float from plant to plant, or hang upon the tall spikes of yellow gentian. From a point lower down in the valley comes the tinkling melody of cow-bells. The secular life of the mountains pursues its unchanging way.

So many hours must I tend my flock,
So many hours must I take my rest,
So many hours must I contemplate,
So many hours must I sport myself:
So many days my ewes have been with young,
So many weeks ere the poor fools will yearn,
So many months ere I shall shear the fleece.

The suave pastoral mood hardly lends itself to the complicated problems and conflicting passions of drama. In fact, had our forefathers been content to live the primitive life, and foreborne to gather themselves together into those knots and tangles of contentious humanity which we call towns, there would probably have been no drama at all worth speaking of; at the most, such little symbolical mimeries of the *renouveau* of the earth in spring as the Bohemian peasants practise to this day, or such rude "flytings" as underlie the delicate amœbean idylls—themselves certainly no primitive art—of Theocritus. On such a slope as this might a Daphnis and a Corydon of the Jura fall to boasting of their respective skill in jodeling, and finally declare a contest, one pledging a woven basket, and the other a Gruyère cheese, while the delighted Thestylis sits by, to listen to the swains, and decide the wager. Here, no doubt, are some of the elements, obscure and rudimentary enough, which will one day help to make a literature. But they are not

dramas, and there can be no true drama, so long as life continues to run on in one plane, and to one tune, while the old traditions remain supreme and unquestioned, and the human spirit has never yet become fully conscious of itself and its potentialities, or faced the interrogation-marks which await it at the unimagined turning-points of its dim journey.

But is there no drama—tragedy even—if not on these modest heights, at least on those more ambitious peaks, faintly visible from here across the plain, where the hunter takes his life in his hand to track the chamois, or the climber to conquer some hitherto unscaled and virgin fortress of the snow? Here, surely, is the stuff of human tears, in the chronicles of endurance and devotion, and tragedy in the spectacle of young lives cut short, at the very moment of aspiration and abundant vitality, by some accident of a misplaced footstep or an avalanche. Frankly, I think not. The records of the Alpine Club are full of thrilling tales of hairbreadth 'scapes and triumphs hardly won. They are, no doubt, an admirable tribute to British pluck and British idealism. But the disasters which so often shadow their pages do not seem to me to contain even the beginnings of tragedy. Tragedy, I suppose, has often enough been defined as the overthrow of the strong in conflict with the stronger. Nobility worsted in the battle against fate, or against love, or against some ruinous flaw in its own composition: such are the typical tragic themes. They all imply a clash of forces, and to them all some kind of parity in the forces brought into play is essential. If the champions are not matched at all, if the issue is never for a moment doubtful, then the imagination of the audience lacks stimulus, its sympathies find nothing to cling to, and the event, however overwhelming, claims no response of pity or of terror. Tragedy is in the region of will; there is no tragedy in the mechanical action of a natural law. Between the Alpinist and the mountain, or the mountain's god, there can be no conflict of will. The odds on one side are too great; the disparity of forces is too obvious. The success of the climber is only to be won, even for a time, by laying down his will. He must submit, must yield a minute and painful obedience to every hint and suggestion of that law, whose minutest infraction will be his immediate doom. His personality is not set up against another, but subdued into utter insignificance by the side of that other. And to the end, whatever his science and whatever his experience, he is still at the mercy of that incalculable element in the powers arrayed against him, which at any moment may upset his reckoning and reduce his precautions to nothing. Such a relation can only be translated into literary terms, not as tragedy, but as irony. One imagines the demon bidding his time, watching the little human insect, proud of its knowledge and its endurance, as it climbs painfully up glacier and chimney, letting it come and go, perhaps, for a score of times unharmed, and finally, when the sport palls or the whim takes him, shrugging his shoulders and, with a stone or a handful of snow, flipping it into eternity.

Thousands of feet below, stretched like a map between Alps and Jura, lies a narrow plain. It is threaded by the waters of a river, whose linked lakes still yield traces of those pile-dwellings which constituted some of the first settlements of gregarious man in central Europe. Oddly enough, one of the little groups of lights that gleam out like fire-flies at dusk represents the village of Selzach, which, if you wish, you may visit for its miracle-play. I believe that the actual Selzach play is quite a modern institution, established in imitation of that of Ober Ammergau, either for some archaeological fantasy or perhaps even from the less reputable motive of providing a bait for tourists. Nevertheless, it is precisely to such centres of nascent civilisation as the plain affords that one must look for the origin of the drama. The town not

only gives the stability of financial and social organisation which the drama requires; it also yields spiritual material in the growing complexity of its interests, in the struggle of warring ideals, in the significant contrast of the old and the new which is constantly present in a progressive community. It is in towns that the conscience of the individual sets itself up against the will of the majority or the voice of tradition; in towns that room is found for those meteoric careers whose rapid rise and fall startles the imagination and stirs the emotions; in towns that are differentiated those social strata, whose mutual dislikes and rivalries give a stimulus to the beginnings of satiric comedy. Of all these, on any effective scale, the mountain heights know nothing. And historically one may trace the growth of drama, first as villages grew into cities in Greece and on the shores of Sicily and Italy, and then again as the same process is repeated during the Middle Ages in the settled plains of western and southern Europe.

E. K. CHAMBERS.

Art.

W. E. Henley as Art Critic.

A SMALL green volume lies before me called "Views and Reviews: Art," by W. E. Henley. Dogmatic, unconventional, wilful, it is a series of flashes, not a steady searchlight, the work of a man who was interested intermittently in painting, especially the work of the French romanticists, not absorbed by it. Apart from the exuberant "Note on Romanticism," thirty-nine pages in length, that prefaces the book, and the papers on Charles Keene, R. A. M. Stevenson, and M. Rodin, I doubt if Henley would have written any of these pieces on painters had they not been commissions executed in the run of his literary life. Art with him was a side-path; but being invited to tread it, he trod it, being himself, for all he was worth. He shows strong preferences, but little sympathy. It is exterior criticism. He never, like Mr. MacColl or Mr. George Moore, penetrates subtly into the personality of a painter, but, circling grandly, swoops, gives you his views in a few alert paragraphs, and makes an end of the business there and then. He uses no persuasion, does not explain the processes of his mind: the reader is interested, titillated, amused, occasionally exasperated, but rarely convinced: the praise is too boisterous, the dispraise too contemptuous. Reading these pages it is Henley you think of, not Corot, or Troyon, or Bastien-Lepage, or Matthew Maris. The gusto of the writing, the quick turns and doubles, the audacities of expression captivate for the moment, but the general effect is that of the work of a brilliant brain, well stored, but with no particular love for the thing it has been excogitating. Ruskin, of course, was a red rag to Henley. "On the whole we have had our fill, and more than our fill of 'Modern Painters.' . . . 'Twas an irresistible book in its time." It was, still is, and long will continue so. "Mornings in Florence" is little more than a pamphlet, a mere paragraph of Ruskin's life work, but read that again, and then read Henley on Art, and take your choice of the two minds and methods. There were many men in Henley, and it is probable that Ruskin gripped Henley the poet and held him more than he cared to say. He could write "Ruskin uplifted a most beautiful voice, and tenored nonsense, nonsense for many years and through interminable volumes"; he also called "Modern Painters" an "irresistible book in its time," and in another passage speaks of Ruskin as "the wonderful man of letters."

Henley was also a wonderful man of letters, but as an art critic he was not communicative. The love of

saying a thing well was stronger in him than the quality and depth of the thought in the thing said. There are passages in this book that are mere strings of names skilfully knit together, that pass before the eye, without leaving any impression on the brain; there are sentences constructed as only Henley could construct a sentence, and as wild in thought as they are arresting in manner. Here is one: "The effect of his [Ruskin's] unscrupulous, adroit, and most ingenious ecstasy was that we had to suffer Rossetti, and to read our Constable, as the rest of the world had read him, in a French translation. Now Ruskin is gone: 'The sweet war-man is dead and rotten': and one can admire as one will, so that even Mr. Whistler is somebody, and a Nicholson (say) is not to be put out of court because it is not like something else—a Fra Angelico, for instance, or a Capaccio, or a Tintoret." But give him a dramatic story to tell, and Henley will rattle it off in a way that bites into the comprehension, the tragedy of Gros for example. For directness and reticence the peroration could not be bettered. "In the June of 1835, after a last colossal failure at the Salon, he drowned himself in the Seine. That, however, was only the end of the man. The artist had committed suicide some fourteen years before, and had done it by David's orders." Often the glitter of his style dazzles the eye rather than interprets the painter. Of Diaz, he says: "His palette was composed, not of common pigments, but of molten jewels: they clash in the richest chords, they sing in triumphant unisons, as the voices of the orchestra in a score of Berlioz. If they meant nothing they would still be delicious." This is enthusiasm, Diaz seen with the poet's eyes; but many going straight from this passage to a picture by Diaz would see no molten jewels, and listen in vain for the voices of an orchestra. Neither would they win quite the same emotion from Constable as Henley did, judging from this passage: "He showed that the sun shines, that the wind blows, that water wets, that clouds are living, moving citizens of space, that grass is not brown mud, that air and light are everywhere."

As a critic of art Henley's preferences were as fierce as his dislikes. He does not doubt: of the sixty or so painters mentioned in this book he is either liegeman or foe. Prout is a "pious and painful creature," and when we "cease to consider him as a magazine of facts, he goes to the bottom of time with the great mass of the English Water-Colour School." Hunt was "always conscientious and generally vulgar," his regard "for detail produced a style that is so niggled and so petty as to be merely contemptible." That wild, wretched creature Morland touched Henley's imagination, and although it was one of the articles of Henley's creed that the man's life has nothing whatever to do with his work, I cannot but think that Morland's tempestuous career had something to do with such an extreme measure of appreciation as this: "in all the range of British art there are few things better than a good Morland," and "his pictures must ever live with the eternal life of art."

By pen, direction, and talk Henley helped to persuade the British public of the difference between the artist and the painter. He brought freshness and personality to the pages of the "Magazine of Art" during his editorship of that journal: he did the same for the "Art Journal" for the year or so that he acted as consulting editor. Corot, Jacque, Troyon, Daubigny were introduced to many through its pages, and the greatness of Rodin was made manifest to a public that had battered on Gibson. It was Henley, too, who persuaded R. A. M. Stevenson to illustrate some of his own articles for the "Art Journal," and later to concentrate his rare intelligence on art writing.

The last paper in this volume, "A Critic of Art," is devoted to R. A. M. Stevenson. It is a touching and glowing appreciation of his friend, generous to the point

of idolatry, but discoloured by hints of that depreciation of Robert Louis Stevenson, expanded later in that regrettable paper in the "Pall Mall Magazine." "I think, as I sit here grieving for both, that we shall get ten Lewises, or an hundred even, or ever we get another Bob. I ever esteemed him a far rarer spirit, a far more soaring and more personal genius than I found in his famous cousin." Nor can Henley praise R. A. M. S. without flicking contempt on others, who were merely different. Burne Jones may have been antipathetic to R. A. M. S., but why drag him in? Why call "The Briar Rose" a "pious and painful achievement in pictorial sampler-work . . . futile . . . a poor monument of industry"? For some years R. A. M. S. was art critic of the "Pall Mall Gazette," where his articles were remarkable among other things for his critical catholicity. This paper on R. A. M. S. begins with a paean of rejoicing on his memorable work on "Velasquez," and a few lines later Henley swings into the arena shouting that the "Velasquez" and the "Rubens" are "the sole pieces of art criticism, in the right sense of the phrase, that we have."

Towards the end of the paper Henley confesses that in R. A. M. Stevenson there was "a something mystical which I, who was long as close to him as his shirt, never quite fathomed." No! And it is just that "something mystical" which makes all the difference between great writing or great painting, and the other kinds, brilliant although the other kinds may be.

C. L. H.

Science.

Ears to Hear.

LET us conceive of an electron in an atom on the moon. It partakes of the following motions at any rate, and possibly more. It is moving within the atom; revolving, possibly, around an atomic centre. It is also partaking of that movement of the atom as a whole, which constitutes what we call heat. It is also being drawn gradually towards the centre of the moon as she cools. It is also moving as the moon rotates upon her own axis. It is also moving as the moon revolves around the earth. It is also moving as the moon, with the earth, revolves around the sun. And, finally, it partakes of the motion of the solar system as a whole, which is journeying, at the rate of twelve miles a second, towards the constellation Lyra. Yet we recognise that the electron, simultaneously performing all these motions, is only moving in one direction in space at any given moment of time. The astronomer's mind recognises all these motions, yet he and we are agreed that, at any given moment, the electron is moving in one direction in space, and one only.

And in the human ear we have an organ which instantaneously, and without any exercise of the intellect, can similarly analyse a single motion, or series of motions, into components even more numerous, and that with a sensory gratification as keen as the intellectual satisfaction of the astronomer. Let us take an instance from the Opera Season that has just closed—the familiar trio in the last Act of Gounod's "Faust." That which reaches the ear is a succession of aerial waves. At any given moment a wave of a certain definite form travels to the listener. The aerial particles, like the lunar electron which I have chosen as their parallel, are moving in only one given direction at any given moment. Yet in that single wave he that hath ears to hear may clearly hear, as if each were alone, the sound of the strings, or of the wind, or the brass, or the percussion, or the voice of Marguerite, or the voice of Faust, or the voice of Mephistopheles. He can appreciate the wave as a whole, or he

can pick out and observe or "apperceive" any one of these components and scrutinise its relation to the rest as if it were coming in at one ear and they at another. Similarly in a clamour of voices, resulting in a single wave-form, you may hear the whole, or fix the attention on one that is familiar, or, indeed, upon the over-tones or harmonics in that particular voice, which indicate alarm or joy. Yet the aerial particles by which the whole is conveyed are moving each in only one direction at any given moment: only one complex wave reaches you. Or, to take another instance, Sir Charles Hallé, it is said, could detect in his orchestra the tone of a single violin that was out of tune, and could identify the player, presumably by the characteristic *timbre* of his particular instrument, even when a hundred instruments of many different kinds were combining to send a single wave to his ear. Two waves can never be simultaneously conveyed by one medium to the ear, since the atoms of air can only move in one direction at once.

Of all the marvellous powers of the human sensorium, this analytical, or, more properly, this re-constructive or re-creative power of the ear is incomparably the most wonderful. Even in the case of sight, which ranks next to hearing, though far behind it, in acuity and in discrimination, there is not the slightest analogy. Gaze upon what you please, any given portion of the retina merely appreciates the ether waves, of certain rate and amplitude, which impinge upon it. You may, of course, gaze upon a landscape or a face as a whole, or fix your attention upon that part of your retina which receives the image of a particular tree or feature, but you exercise no analysis, as you do in re-forming any component you please that enters into the formation of this single wave which, as a whole, enters your ear, though a Handel Festival chorus and orchestra be combined to form it.

Without pretending to explain this process, I may, perhaps, briefly describe the mechanism through which hearing is effected. The aerial wave reaches, first of all, that useless appendage, serving us only for beauty, which, with characteristic emphasis on the superficial, we call the "ear." It is, of course, merely an arrangement for collecting and thereby intensifying the sound-wave. Though we possess three small muscles by which it may be moved, only very few persons can control them. It does not serve us, therefore, as it does a rabbit or a horse, as a means for determining the direction from which a sound proceeds. That we discover mainly by comparing the intensity of the stimuli received by the two ears. The external ear is so shaped in man, furthermore, that it is practically useless as a collector of sound. From this mere ornament the sound-wave passes through a short canal which is closed by the tympanum, or drum of the ear. To this drum is attached, on its inner side, a small bone, which is jointed to another, and it, in turn, to a third; the three "auditory ossicles," as they are called, bridging across an air-filled cavity known as the middle ear. The air is supplied from the throat through the Eustachian tube; by which channel it may pass in or out, so that the pressure of the air may always be the same within and without the middle ear, a condition essential to our comfort. Two minute muscles are attached to these bones, so that if the one contracts, the "drum" is made tighter, and the hearing more acute. This we use when we "strain to hear." The second muscle contracts so as to make the line of conduction less rigid, and is of value in opposite circumstances. If it be paralysed, loud sounds become very painful. The third little bone is fixed to another membrane which leads to the internal ear, and on the inside of which is a canal filled with fluid. The sound-vibration, having passed along the tripartite bony line of conduction, is conveyed to this fluid which is continued into a spiral canal called, from its shape, the cochlea. Stretched across the whole length of this spiral canal is a bridge upon which lies a series of

delicate fibres of length steadily shortening as the canal, in its spiral turning, becomes narrower until it ends in an apex, like the house of a snail in miniature. Helmholtz supposed that, as in a piano, the shorter fibres (near the apex of the spiral) are for the high notes, and the longer for the low notes. Upon each of these fibres (numbering many thousands) lie a company of tiny living cells, provided with minute sensitive hairs, ready to appreciate every motion or change of pressure which a sound wave from outside may impart to the fluid in which they are bathed; whilst to the base of each of these cells runs a filament of the auditory nerve. The whole apparatus is perhaps twenty times as complicated as this slight description of its outlines would suggest. It is contained, on each side, within the hardest bone in the body, called therefore the petrous or rocky bone, and I would state the approximate size of the whole if I thought there was the least chance of being believed. The filaments of the auditory nerve are gathered together into one bundle and proceed to certain cells at the base of the brain. From these new nerve filaments start and travel to the "auditory centre," which consists of certain cells, arranged in about five layers, in the grey surface or "cortex" of the brain on each side, in a position which corresponds, more or less, to the part of one's skull just above the external ear. But the fibres have crossed over, so that the left side of the brain receives impressions gathered mainly from the right ear, and vice-versâ. The co-ordination of these sounds, however, rests mainly with the left side of the brain in right-handed persons, and vice-versâ; and on that side, in a special centre, is probably the seat of all musical appreciation. And lest all this should read as if a good deal were known of this matter, let me say that, of course, we have not the least idea how those hairy cells of the internal ear convert the vibrations of a fluid into nerve energy; that we cannot in the least discover what happens when an impulse passes along a nerve, and that no one has ever suggested a shred of an idea as to how the nerve cells of the grey cortex convert nerve impulses into consciousness of sound. Nor is there any known fact or theory which stands against the belief that even the simplest form of consciousness presents a problem utterly, essentially and eternally insoluble. C. W. SALEEBY.

Correspondence.

Carnivorous Plants.

SIR,—May I point out to the writer of "The Cycle of Life" in your last issue, that we have several carnivorous plants "in these islands," and if he ever comes our way I shall be pleased to show him at least three in our botanic garden, viz.:—

Drosera rotundifolia (Sundew);
Drosera longifolia (Sundew); and
Pinguicula vulgaris (Butterwort).

Lathraea squamaria, the great tooth-wart, is also carnivorous, as are the two bladder-worts, *Utricularia*; and Grant Allen held that the teasels were carnivorous, sending out fine threads of protoplasm into their "pitchers," into the contained water of which insects keep falling.—

Yours, &c.,

Ruskin School Home,
 Heacham, Norfolk.

HARRY LOWERISON.

An Explanation.

SIR,—I think that your correspondent has misunderstood my use of the epithets "more truly wholesome, more generally developed." Perhaps I shall most clearly show the misrepresentation (as I think it) if I say that I meant

not morally wholesome, but intellectually wholesome and developed. I am not in the least thinking of Mr. Darwin's "moral qualities"; I hope I sufficiently admire his fine and splendid character. But I spoke simply of his intellectual soul, as I have called it. Was it not Mr. Darwin who confessed that he had lost all interest in letters, in religion, and, I suppose, in art in the narrower sense? And is not this interest, this appreciation of letters alone, a considerable element in a really developed and, in what I may call the Greek sense, wholesome and healthy mind? Mr. Darwin was absorbed in science; Newman's interests, as Froude observed in his fourth volume of "Short Studies," were world-wide. Moreover, even if this were not so, be it remembered that I spoke strictly not of the intellectual qualities of these men as they were in themselves, but of their styles as expressions of certain qualities; and I ventured to express the opinion that the style of Newman was a thing of greater power. This I still hold to; I was judging the styles of the men. Nor do I think my comparison so needless, for in order to make my point clear I had to take a concrete instance. Cardinal Newman appeared to be a fitting example of that other spirit, which I desired to contrast with the purely scientific, which Mr. Darwin seemed to represent. Prof. Huxley, of course, would not serve my purpose. I am sorry that your correspondent should have imagined that I wished to make any comparison morally between Mr. Darwin and Newman, which, to be sure, had I so made it, had been not only unfair, but superfluous. Nor have I any theological prejudice either against Mr. Darwin or in favour of the Cardinal.—Yours, &c.,

H. P. C.

Shakespeare's Widow.

SIR,—The last number of an American journal entitled "New Shakespeareana" is entirely devoted to a discussion of the Shakespeare-Bacon question, by a Dr. Platt and Dr. Appleton Morgan, President of the New York Shakespeare Society.

Dr. Platt maintained that Shakespeare's wife was not quite all she ought to have been, as she had been seduced by the man who afterwards became her husband; and who deserted her, so that in 1595 she had to borrow forty shillings from Thomas Whittington, who had been her father's shepherd. The money was unpaid when Whittington died in 1601, and he directed his executor to recover the sum from the poet and distribute it among the poor of Stratford. (Halliwell Philipps' "Outlines," II., 186, and Sidney Lee's "Life," p. 187.)

Dr. Morgan retaliates with: "As to Mistress Shakespeare, née Anne Hathaway, I am surprised that so chivalrous a gentleman as Dr. Platt should breathe a word against her fair renown. That she was an attractive lady is proved, not only by the circumstance of her winning a Shakespeare, but by the fact that she was not long permitted to remain his widow, but within a decent time after his demise, became Mrs. Richard James, and a second time consort of a Stratford burgher of substance and good repute!" (The note of admiration is Dr. Appleton Morgan's, not mine.)

We hear a lot about Donnellian and Gallupian history, via America, but what about this latest specimen? I look up Mr. Sidney Lee's "Life," and do not find any statement to the effect that Mrs. Shakespeare remarried, but I find the following on page 280:—

Shakespeare's widow died on August 6, 1623, at the age of sixty-seven, and was buried near her husband inside the chancel two days later. Some affectionately phrased elegiacs—doubtless from Dr. Hall's pen—were inscribed on a brass plate fastened to the stone above her grave. The words run: "Heere lyeth interred the bodye of Anne, wife of Mr. William Shakespeare . . . being of the age of 67 years."

There is no mention here of Mr. Richard James, the second husband of Anne Shakespeare. Can any of your readers give me information as to who he was?—Yours, &c.,

GEORGE STRONACH.

Edinburgh.

Mr. W. E. Henley.

SIR,—May I add to your list of Mr. Henley's writings (ACADEMY, 18 July 1903)—(1) Sir Henry Raeburn, a selection from his portraits reproduced in photogravure by Annan; with introduction and notes by W. E. Henley. (Edinburgh, 1890); (2) Collection Cottier catalogue; with introduction by W. E. Henley (Paris, 1892).

I should like also to say that not any one of the many and generous notices of "Burly" which I have seen mentions "Pictures at Play; by Two Art Critics"—that very clever satire which, issued anonymously, is known to have been the work of Henley and Mr. Andrew Lang. It was issued by Longmans in 1888. Regarding this skit, Henley says (in a letter in my possession) that "the notices of 'A Book of Verses' and 'Pictures at Play' have patronized me to the verge of frenzy."—Yours, &c.,

J. C. EWING.

The Mitchell Library, Glasgow.

Our Weekly Competition.

Result of No. 201 (New Series).

Last week we offered a prize of One Guinea for the best Dedication in verse to an unpublished volume of Poems, the writer of the dedication to assume that he was the author of the volume. Forty-one replies have been received. We award the prize to Mr. H. C. Prideaux, Uffculme, Devon, for the following:—

To —

Fain would I think there's music here

Between the lines:

I hear each note—

The song struck clear

Upon my ear,

As swift I wrote

Between the lines.

Alas! I know the page is blurred

Between the lines.

Yet, some still night,

May be, *you're* heard

The unspoken word

I tried to write

Between the lines.

Other replies follow:—

To MY BROTHERS AND SISTERS.

To you who've laughed and cried with me,

Who've played with me, and sighed with me,

Dear comrades long ago,—

Whose childish voices come to me

From out the years ne'er dumb to me,

From out the past we know,—

Across the years I sing to you,

And if my verses bring to you

Remembered word and look,

Because you all have part in them

Ah, take and read my heart in them,

And try to like my book!

[M. C. M., Aberystwyth.]

To HIS BOOK.

I never dream of Fame for thee—

That thou should'st ever leave my side,

For in thee all the years abide

When I was young, when I was free!

When I was young—ah, well-a-day!
 I gathered laughter, love, and tears,
 And maiden-sighs, and pleasing fears,
 To give thee ode, or roundelay.
 I never dream of fame for thee;
 For eyes that shine on earth no more
 Have scanned thy pages o'er and o'er;
 And thou art all in all to me!
 When night is shrunk in mystery
 You bring a voice, a smile, a tear!
 So I must hold thee ever dear,
 And never dream of fame for thee!
 [A. C. A., London.]

To —
 To you, who, only, in this loveless world
 Made me to know that Love is Lord of all,
 Who ever pointed where the Vast unfurled,
 Above the universal human pall,
 Her white of purity, her rose of Life:
 To you, who found and touched the soul of me,
 With strong hands, gently stretched across the strife;
 Bidding me rise and love, awake and see;
 To you, who ever won me all of worth
 This little quiet day of mine has known;
 To you, whose saving friendship brought to birth
 Some saner spirit of a nobler tone;
 To you, this book, with all I have of true,
 With all I know of Love and God, I give;
 Because your spirit touched me, and I knew;
 Because your love awoke me, and I live.
 [E. A., Uggeshall.]

TO AN OLD COLLEGE CHUM.
 We piped an overture or two
 In Oxford meadows, I and you;
 When vernal Nature was our queen,
 And we (no less superbly green)
 Essayed the tuneful shepherd's part,
 Gained some adeptness in the art—
 Do you recall that halcyon year
 When Life, to our unproven eyes, grew clear?
 Now come the wiser, wintrier days
 Of vapid scorn, of vapid praise;
 Yet still a reedy madness floats
 About my brain, in pastoral notes;
 Comrade of that Sicilian time,
 Condone the perpetrated crime;
 These fragile flutings that I send
 Are dedicate to you, my vernal friend.
 [M. L., Cheltenham.]

TO ONE WHO HAD BETRAYED THE AUTHOR'S FRIENDSHIP.
 A few fair thoughts that withered in a night:
 A few sad stars that crept athwart a sky
 Dark unto desolation: hope's last ray:
 Wild lights of new despair and meteors
 Of old confusion—Take! For they are thine,
 Not mine: O thou whom I once called my friend,
 When in my life of faithful peace you crept
 Insidious, crying loud for love and aid,
 Did I deny to lavish of my best? . . .
 And recompensed, the garden of my soul
 Lies scattered and laid waste; swept low by storm
 Pierce-winded; all my sweet blooms torn and dead;
 Death and Disaster stalking, fiery-eyed,
 About my desolate paths. These are their fruits,
 Your work—you whom I loved!
 Take and begone;
 Pass from my sight and trouble me no more.
 [B. C. H., London.]

Competition No. 202 (New Series).

This week we offer a prize of One Guinea for the best set of verses in Praise of Rain. Not to exceed sixteen lines.

RULES.

Answers addressed, "Literary Competition, THE ACADEMY, 43, Chancery Lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Wednesday, 5 August, 1903. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found on the second page of Wrapper, or it cannot enter into competition. Competitors sending more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon; otherwise the first only will be considered. Contributions to be written on one side of the paper only.

New Books Received.

- POETRY, CRITICISM, AND BELLES LETTRES.**
 Chevaldin (L. E.), *Les Jargons de la Farce de Pathelin* (Paris: Librairie A. Fontemoleing)
- SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.**
 Carus (Dr. Paul), *The Sord of Metaphysics*.....(Kegan Paul) net 5/6
 Karma: A Story of Buddhist Ethics.....(Kegan Paul) 1/0
 Lankester (E. Ray), Edited by, A. Treatise on Zoology. Part I. Introduction and Protozoa.....(Black) net 15/6
- TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY.**
 Pullen-Burry (R.), *Jamaica as it is: 1903*.....(Unwin) net 6/0
 Armstrong (A. C.), and Inglis (H. R. G.), *Short Spins Round London* (Gall and Inglis) net 1/0
 Maps: Galloway and S. Ayrshire, Central Perthshire, Glasgow and Ayr, Aberdeen and Deeside.....(Gall and Inglis) Paper 1/0; Cloth 1/6
 Maps: The Exeter Road, The Liverpool and Manchester Road, The Carlisle Road (Gall and Inglis) 1/0
 Bradley (A. G.), Illustrated by Griggs (F. L.), *Highways and Byways in South Wales*.....(Macmillan) 6/0
- EDUCATIONAL.**
 Kirkman (F. B.), Edited by, *Amis et Amiles Aiol*.....(Black) 0/6
 Hall (H. S.) and Stevens (F. H.), *A School Geometry: Part III*.....(Macmillan) 1/0
- JUVENILE.**
 Sargent (Antony), *Ralph Sinclair's Atoneament*.....(Sunday School Union) 2/0
 March (Eleanor), *Three Naughty Elves*.....(Liberty & Co.) 1/0
- MISCELLANEOUS.**
 Ford (Simeon), *A Few Remarks*.....(Heinemann) 6/0
 Williams (Basil) and Childers (Erskine), *The H.A.C. in South Africa* (Smith, Elder) net 3/6
 Lee (Sidney), *The Alleged Vandalism at Stratford-on-Avon*.....(Constable) net 1/0
 Elkington (Joseph), *The Donkhobors*.....(Hedley Bros.) net 8/6
 Myers (A. C.), Edited by, *Sally Wister's Journal*.....(") net 8/6
- NEW EDITIONS.**
 Dickens (Charles), *Dombey and Son*.....(Chapman and Hall) net 2/0
 " *David Copperfield*.....(") net 2/0
 " *Reprinted Pieces, &c.*.....(") net 1/6
 Mangan (James Clarence), *Poems*.....(O'Donoghue) 2/0
 Caine (Hall), *The Bondman*.....(Heinemann) 2/0
 Hughes (T.), *Tom Brown at Oxford*.....(Macmillan) 2/0
 Collins (Wilkie), *A Rogue's Life*.....(Unit Library) net 0/8
 Hunt (Leigh), *The Town*.....(") net 1/2
 Jameson (Anna Brownell), *Legends of the Madonna*.....(") net 2/3
 Carus (Dr. Paul), *Fundamental Problems*.....(Kegan Paul) 7/6
 Das (Sarat Chandra), *A Thibetan-English Dictionary* (Bengal Secretariat Book Depot) 48/0
 Sayce (A. H.), Edited by, *Tobit and the Babylonian Apocryphal Writings* (Dent)
 Stevenson (W. B.), Edited by, *Wisdom and the Jewish Apocryphal Writings* (Dent)
 Green (John Richard), *A Short History of the English People. Part XXIX.* (Dent)
 (Cassell) net 0/6

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- LAST MONTH. By Sir WEMYSS REID.

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